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HISTORICAL IMAGINATION.

PRIZE ESSAY—BY GEORGE C. YEISLEY, MD.

History is the life of humanity. Historical science, or history, commonly so called, is the biography of the race. The study of the biography of the individual is both interesting and instructive; that of our general human life inestimable in its importance. The pages of history, teaching the most practical philosophy, and teeming with the truths which the experience of ages has tried and proved, we of the present cannot but study to our profit, or fail to study to our sorrow. That history should be studied aright, and fully presented to the minds of others by able and faithful historians, reason, common sense, and our highest interests alike demand.

What, then, is necessary to the proper study of history, and what must the historian bring to his work in order most successfully to accomplish his object? We submit as the essential requisites, first, extensive learning, a knowledge of historical facts, in which, after all, history must be grounded. Secondly, historical faith, a faith in God as a God of history, as well as of revelation, a

faith which will enable the student or historian to trace through all the tangled woof of history the golden thread of God's providence. And thirdly, and lastly, a true and lively imagination, the nature, office, and importance of which would be the object of this essay to explain.

Historical Imagination may be defined as the power of reproducing past existences by an insight into their necessary constitution. Imagination lies at the basis of all art. As the plastic power of the human soul, it enters largely into the composition of genius. Without it in high development no artist raises himself above the broad level of mediocrity; with it in an unusual degree, he becomes, by a sort of delegated omnipotence, the creator of a new world of art and beauty. History is one of the fine arts. The mind of the historian, although confined to true statements, nevertheless reproduces and recreates. Imagination, an endowment essential to the artist, whether poet, painter or sculptor, cannot by any means be wanting in the historian; he too is an artist. The imagination of the poet is, indeed, more free and untrammelled than that of the historian; the former, mounting his winged Pegasus, can soar far above the regions of the true and the real, "giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," while the latter must ever hold his steed within the bounds of well-authenticated facts. But there is room for reproduction and recreation even here. The historian is more than a mere recorder of the deeds of the past; he introduces us to the life and spirit which pervaded and inspired them. Facts must ever furnish the skeleton of history, but the sinews and muscles to clothe these dry bones, and the soul to animate the body so formed, must come from the imagination of the historian. By his Pygmalion-like power, the dead past speaks and becomes the instructor of the present, the great teacher of the ages.

The imaginative faculty of the historian will not, indeed, enable him to dispense with a certain amount of empirical knowledge; but it will so aid and assist him that he will be enabled to make more use of a small amount of bare facts than he otherwise could of a much larger store. The number of facts transmitted to us from the past are necessarily few in comparison with those which are lost. Voices do not always ring out clearly across the gulf which separates us from the far off ages of antiquity. The bones of many a brave hero, whose deeds of valor no bard has sung, the pen of no historian recorded, have long since crumbled to their original dust, together with the sword which his strong arm wielded. Half-buried walls are often the only relics of once flourishing cities: ruins of cities the sole surviving monuments of nations which once filled the world with their fame. A single stone of an Egyptian tomb contains, perhaps, all that posterity has received of the history of a dynasty. Many are the pearls of truth which the palsied hands of the ages have let slip and fall into the unfathomed gulf of oblivion. To fill out and supplement what is wanting in historical facts; to take these facts and to reproduce them in their proper order, is the office of historical imagination. Diligent research among the ruins of the past may disclose scattered blocks of chiseled marble, prone and broken pillars, shattered arches and architraves, even the foundation courses of the ancient structure; but imagination alone it is that, joining stone to stone, pillar to pedestal, part to part, restores in all its ancient beauty of design and proportion, in all its pristine grandeur and magnificence, the fallen temple.

To correct historical statements, and divest facts of their false coloring, is another important office of the faculty which we are now considering. The facts handed down from the past are not only few in number, but are

often colored or obscured by partiality or prejudice. From very crude ore is smelted the pure metal of historical truth. The early history of almost every nation is either entirely unknown, or must be gathered from heroic legends or mythological fables. As memory fails to recall the scenes of our earliest childhood, so history, the memory of a nation, in many instances fails to record the deeds which distinguished the first beginning of its national life. The imagination of the historian alone can penetrate behind the curtain which separates the revealed from the unrevealed. His mind alone can untangle that strange web of history, philosophy, poetry, and religion, which constitutes ancient mythology. Grasping by the power of his imagination, the true spirit of an age or nation, the historian applies it to the right interpretation of the results of its own powerful activity. Placed thus on the vantage ground of truth, the affairs which constitute the history of men and nations appear in their true light to his gaze, and neither the mists of prejudice, nor the clouds of myth and fable can affect his far-reaching view.

The offices which imagination fills sufficiently explains its vast importance to the student and historian; still greater, however, does this appear in the aid it lends to the proper understanding and *construction* of history. Not merely is the historian called upon to supply the wanting facts of history and divest those obtained of their false coloring, but it is necessary to the proper presentation of history to the mind of his readers, that he should have judged correctly of the past. To view a landscape to advantage it is essential that the spectator should have a proper point from which to make his observations. To understand aright the history of a nation, we must not judge it from our own point of view, but must transfer ourselves back and judge the nation from its own peculiar standpoints. To do this, as well as to

understand a contemporary people, imagination is necessary, in order that the historian may initiate himself into their peculiar manner of living. Culture is also a requisite, since an uncultivated mind, being confined to that which it has experienced, is always illiberal. In order to understand a modern German, with all his peculiarities of temperament and disposition, we must strive to comprehend the German National life, and from this point of view form our judgment of the peculiar traits, manners, and way of thinking, of the single individual. Nothing is more common, and nothing more illiberal, than judging the institutions, customs and laws of other countries from those of our own. This is a marked peculiarity of the English character. English travelers, crossing the wide waters that separate the Old World from the New, and landing for the first time upon the shores of our free Republic, behold a mighty nation which has been placed by the hand of Providence in the very van-guard of civilization and progress; a nation engaged in working out some of the grandest problems which have ever claimed the attention of mankind; a people struggling bravely, manfully, against great obstacles, for the realization of ideas, nobler and grander than which have never delighted the day dreams of earth's profoundest philosophers. And to all that they see and imagine they comprehend, these strangers alike to American institutions, common sense and liberality, apply the miserable rule and measure which John Bull has fixed for the measurement of the nations, and, weighing us and ours in their puny balance, pronounce both wanting. To judge another religious denomination from our own theological or ecclesiastical standpoint, is illiberal and uncharitable in the extreme. To draw conclusions in reference to past times, we must be able, by the aid of imagination, to transfer ourselves back to those times. Nothing can be

more unfair and absurd in the historian than to judge the religion, politics, or national life of the Hellenic nations from principles of life in our day; and the same may be said of Roman and Oriental life. To a right apprehension of the mediæval period, this power of imagination is still more essential. The Roman Empire, which had been the principal theatre of History's activities for centuries, is torn asunder by the ruthless sword of the Northern barbarian. History, which is ever progressive, seemed to be at a stand still for ages.—Society appeared struggling in a very death struggle. In politics, the feudal system prevailed; in religion, papacy; disorder and confusion reigned everywhere supreme. Since those, the dark days of modern history, politics have changed, the form of religion has changed, and if, with our own preconceptions, we proceed to the study of this period, we cannot do it justice. The people of that period were certainly rude and ignorant, and involved in chaotic blindness; but there was also much virtue, much piety hid beneath a rough exterior, which is too frequently ignored. Only by divesting ourselves of our modern way of thinking, and studying the middle ages from their own ground upward, can we attain to correct judgments in reference to them. By this manner of viewing the past, history is studied as a work of art, and is allowed to explain itself. Truth must ever be consistent with itself. How often do we see the strange anomaly of students of history appealing to the same period of history to support widely different theories. So also in church history, every denomination goes back to the church fathers, and attempts to prove very diverse systems of doctrines from the customs, practices and manners of the early church. Thus history is made to become a mirror, which newly reflects each person's opinions and prejudices. If times could be produced in accordance with their own proper spirit,

there would be little encouragement for this construction of history. In the attempts of the student or historian to reach the truth of history, imagination is ever a most faithful and indispensable judge.

The faculty of imagination, when allied to faith, in a still higher sense, contributes to the right apprehension of historical science. By the exercise of both of these, history becomes filled with a grander and more sublime significance. The historian's imagination places at the helm of the moral universe one whose omnipotence and omniscience can well direct its movements. Nations appear but as the ministers of Jehovah. Ages seem but as a day in which to accomplish his mighty will.—Earth's battles are now no longer mere contests of arms between rival kings and potentates, but grand conflicts between truth and error, between God and the Evil One. Upon their issue, he beholds staked, not temporal crowns and earthly empires, but the highest interests of humanity for all time to come. He discovers God's hand in all the great events which render an age or nation historic and immortal.

Truly, then, the office of historical imagination is an exalted one, and its importance to the students of the past, transcendent. The augmenter of historical knowledge, a faithful aid to research, the friend and interpreter of truth, Imagination becomes also the firm and able ally of Faith.

RELIGION IN LITERATURE.

In the whole range of literature, ancient or modern, there is no feature more perfectly exhibited, or forming so distinguished a characteristic in the realm of human thought as *Religion*.

Religion is that recognition of the relations we acknowledge to exist between ourselves and a Superintending Providence, and refers more especially to the duties we owe as creatures of Divine will, to the great Moral Governor of the Universe.

Now, we propose to follow out and exhibit as briefly as possible, such duties and relations as may be seen in the region of written thought; for as surely must thought be tinged and colored by religion, as that there exists in man a moral element. Thus the whole field of literature must be sprinkled with the beautiful flowers of affection and burning love, that blossom in the deep audience chambers of the soul. The tree must bear fruit after its own kind; the moral nature of man must develop the riches of its immateriality. We shall present ourselves immediately before our subject, and thus advance a step in the exhibition of our theme, by a division of Religion into—True and False, Christian and Heathen.

It is our pleasure to speak first of the relations which heathen nations have acknowledged to subsist between them and the Supreme One.

As the contemplation of the relations between God and man is one of unimaginable grandeur and sublimity, so the recognition of them is the earliest and boldest effort of the human mind. It is man's first and most sublime flight on Thought's immortal wing.

Let us now examine the Literature of those nations which have possessed a civilization and literature peculiar to them, viz: that of the Hindu, of the Greek, and

of the old Northmen; in order to discover as far as possible the fossil remains of religious thought, and, by the literatures of those nations which inhabit the remotest corners of the old world, to confirm the fact that the universal mind of man has a tendency ever to range in the shadowy realms of the unseen.

The literary productions of India are almost infinite. It does seem, in view of her present sterile condition, as though the Hindu mind had exhausted the wealth of its intellectual vigor, and had flowered in such brilliant exuberance 2500 years ago; that the shade of its wide extending branches had brought to decay "the seed-thoughts of great epics" that now lie mouldering in her forgotten lore. Yet, in this beautiful inflorescence of thought—in this "wealth of the Indies," we discover veins of golden fire, that give life to the supremest theology of our Christian era. The Vedas and Puranas all breathe the purest devotion to the Supreme Unity of the powers of Nature. Indeed, the Vedas are nothing but a collection of mystic hymns and religious rites, composed in rythmical poetry of such tender devotion, and beauty, and sublimity, as is accounted for only by divine agencies. In the epic period which succeeded, and when this *pure* religion had degenerated, we are able both to see the religious soul of man develop its untold and infinite powers, and to realize the gigantic strength of the creative and imaginative faculties of the Hindu mind. Then we have the great monuments of Sanscrit Literature, in which lie embalmed the mystic Om; Brahma, the impersonated soul of the universe; Crishna, the Preserver, and son of Brahma. The subjects of these poems spring for the most part from their religious tenets, and refer especially to the principal gods. A brief glance at one of these—the Mahabarata, which celebrates the ninth avartar of Chrishna—will aid us in gaining a true estimate of their religious character.

This poem leads us into the very labyrinthian depths of Sanscrit theology. It tells us that Chrishna comes at the universal longing of humanity, redeems the lost, disperses the enemies of the human soul, and that he puts to flight the powers of Darkness and Sin. It describes his pastoral labors, his miracles, his heroic deeds in war, and finally his ascent to Heaven, where he leads the round dances of the spheres. This poem gives the truest insight into the Hindu Religion, and abounds in episodes of such sublime eloquence, that Schlegel has said that the "Divine Song," or "Revelation of Chrishna," is the most beautiful and philosophical in the compass of universal Literature. The doctrines of Emanation and Metempsychosis are fundamental to the Hindu faith. Believing themselves emanations of the Eternal Spirit—scintillations, as it were, of the Supreme Brahma, they pass days and nights in the silent contemplation of his perfections, singing the mystic prayers and hymns of the Vedas. As the sparkling cataract leaps down the moss-grown rock and hastens to add its waters to the great Ocean, so the Hindu, wrapt in the glowing enthusiasm of his being, an individual particle of Brahma, strives to lose himself in the living Essence of Nature, and, in the language of the Vedas, in that "great light, which illuminates all ; delights all : from which all proceed ; to which all must return ; and which alone can irradiate our souls."

That a deep, religious mysticism pervades much of the Poetry of the Golden Age of Oriental Literature, is universally allowed. This is peculiarly the case with the Hindu poet, Jayedefa. His songs are flowers of tender devotion, burning enthusiasm, profound mysticism. In his most beautiful mystic song, he describes the covenant of Brahma with the assembled souls of men under the figurative notion of the nuptial contract. Considering Brahma under the three attributes of

Creator, Preserver, and Regenerator, he impersonates the Power of Preservation by Chrishna, and supposes the marriage of Crishna, or the Incarnate Love of God, to Radha, allegorically implying the soul of man, or the assembled created Spirits. What superlative beauty! What far-reaching grandeur! What God-like sublimity!

As the tide of nations and sweep of civilization were westward, the Aegean sea became the theatre of white-winged commerce, and Hellas gave birth to a new and poetical religion. As the fauna of past geological ages are preserved in rock strata, so the religious sentiments of the Greek, and the doctrines of Hellenic theology, are imbedded in the ever-living, mysteriously compounded formations of human literature—in the immortal Iliad—in the Theogony of Hesiod—in the Greek drama. We have elsewhere intimated that human thought will ever range in the realm of the mysterious Spirit, and, whenever permanence is given to his intellectual flights in a Literature, they will of necessity be inspired by prayers, hymns and invocations to the Supreme Spirit, and reach themselves to the heights of the truly sublime. If we waive a consideration of Homeric theo-mythology, and contemplate the Post-Homeric, (if we may so call it) as exhibited in the Greek drama; we shall be enabled to arrive at a true conception of the complicated and often contradictory theology of the Greek, taking in at one sweep their duties and relations to Zeus—in fine, their religion. Let us observe that the origin of the drama flowed from, and was immediately connected with the sacred festivals of the Gods. The lofty passions, particularly, which pervade the tragedy, spring from the sublime conceptions of a superintending Providence and a retributive Justice. Melancholy on the “sere and yellow leaf;” joy on the return of the ethereal mildness of Spring; musings on the soul like this: “the stars may fade

away, the sun himself may grow dim, but *thou* shalt still flourish in immortal youth;" sentiments of such beauty and sublimity could not fail to influence the genius of Greece and to sow the seeds of the grandest conceptions of the Divine Mind, that would soon burst the light veil of the Greek intellect, and bloom in transcending beauty. Thus we see them developed in the *Æschylean* tragedy, which may be called the Pantheon of Athenian Literature. It must be observed that the "Greek Stage was the Greek Pulpit." As the Bema was the hall for deliberative eloquence, so the theatre of Dionysius was the fountain head of ethical and theological philosophy. The especial office of the chorus in the play was to interpret and justify the ways of Providence, predict retributive justice, explain the actions of Zeus to men, and to plead the cause of truth and piety.

We cannot fail to notice throughout the entire domain of Hellenic Literature, the immensely superior of Zeus, the father of all; Athena, the daughter and wisdom of him; and Apollo, his son and voice,—in fine, a trinity. The prayers that are continually offered by the heroes of the *Iliad* and of the *Tragedies*—all breathe fervent devotion and implicit confidence in the combined wisdom of this Triad. "Would that father Zeus and Athena and Apollo bestow the least care upon me," is the burden of their supplications, which three-fold division of the Infinite bears a striking and suggestive relation to the mystic Om of the Hindu and the Three-in-One of the Jews.

The great doctrines of the Primal Fall, of a Superintending Providence, of Retribution, of the Immortality of the Soul, of a Future State, of Natural Sin, are as indelibly stamped upon all the wonderful creations of the Attic Muse as they live and glow upon every page and leaf of the Holy Oracles of our Christian Religion.

It must be observed that more credit is due to the

civilization of the old Northmen in bequeathing to our early ancestors of France and England the original principles of Fiction and Romance, and more especially, of their political institutions, than is generally allowed. And let it be further observed, that to a nation, which boasted a more extensive commerce in the 8th and 9th Centuries than any other nations in Europe, belonged a literature composed almost exclusively of cosmogonic, theogonic lays of such wild and picturesque grandeur as is only surpassed by the beauty of the classic models. These were the Eddas of the old Norse Literature, which may properly be called the Bible of the old Norsemen. It is not our purpose to enter into an accurate description of them, but only to take such a brief survey of their general character as may subserve our purpose in the exhibition of their religious faith. The Eddas represent the world as the product of heat and cold, which, it must be permitted us to observe, is the precise account our latest geological researches affirm. The world-life is one continued struggle between Light and Darkness, Spirit and Matter, Virtue and Vice. From the World came the Spirits, the Aesir, of whom Odin is the chief, and he is represented as the Soul of the Universe. The fall of man from a state of innocence, the immortality of the soul, and a state of retribution beyond the grave, are fundamental doctrines of the Aesir faith. As their Paradise is pure and holy—as “lofty Gimle is roofed with gold,” so Nilfheim—their hell—is depicted as the last deepest circle of infinite misery. As the “righteous shall enjoy gladness forever on the summit of Gimle,” so shall the “wicked wade through the thick venom-streams in Nastroud.” The final destruction of the world is also a fundamental dogma of the Aesir faith, and the Eddas paint it with dread sublimity. This is the Ragnarok, or “the twilight of the Gods,”—the grand outbreak of the powers

of nature—of Fire and Water—Darkness and Death. It is the great decisive battle, when Odin and Thor—“Valhala’s warrior gods,” shall marshal the hosts of Aesir and Einheivar against Sin and the Giants of the Earth—when the Fire God shall bathe in sheets of fire this world, poisoned by sin—when the Prophetess in the Edda says :

“A hall I see
More brilliant than the sun,
Roofed with gold,
On the summit of Gimle;
Then shall dwell
A virtuous race,
And enjoy blessedness
To time eternal.”

Thus we have seen, after a cursory review of the literature of the Hindu, the Greek and the Northmen, that the warp of religion is deeply interwoven in the whole field of their literature; its most brilliant threads being emblazoned with the light of “the Poetry of the Gods.” The poem relating to the death of Baldur, the immaculate one of all Asgard—“the band in the wreath of Valhala” reflects “the twilight of the Gods” as perfectly as does a prism the rays of the sun; so the Mahabarata the cardinal features of the Hindu religion. We have seen, too, that the source and very fountain head of that form of literature in which the Attic Muse gained her greatest triumphs, and in which literary excellence culminated, was the sacred festivals of the Gods, and particularly the Dionysiac worship. Religion, then, is *interwoven in the written thought of man*. It is its life—it is the North Star in the infinite heaven of thought, around which mind revolves. Far beyond the historic records of Antiquity, even to this Golden Age of Intellect, Religion has been, and ever will be the loftiest theme finite man can grasp. The most *ancient Coptic writing extant, (and which it has been the glory

* Prof. Moffat has a fac-simile. It dates back 200 B. C.

of the savans of this age to decipher,) relates inferentially to the duties of man to the great unseen God. The sarcophagi of the Nile—stone-wrought Iliads—alive with the mystic symbols of Hievanic lore—are prophetic of a religion of the tenderest sympathy for the dead. The moral precepts of the Uking of the Chinese form the basis of the religion for the *cultivated* classes. The soft fragrance that comes up from that great flower bed of Arabic poetry—the beautiful Koran of the Imposter—owes its very existence to “the mystic grandeur of the Hebrew Prophets.” The odes of Hafiz are the groundwork of the theology of the modern Soofees. The great national poem of Rome “rests for its unity” upon the anger of a Goddess.

A. V. M.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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AUTUMN.

Again the welcome season of Autumn has come. The sun, the ruler of the skies, in his annual march to the South, again sends to us his rays more and more obliquely, having left behind him a rich legacy of ripened grainfields and abundant harvests. Well did the ancients call it *auctumnus*, the season of increase, the time of gathering; for stern Winter hides from us, or robs us altogether of the beauty that clothes Mother Earth. And, though gentle Spring with bright and cheerful face bids us be joyous again in the realized hope of Nature's new birth, and Summer, with its intense earnestness and ardor perfects the young fruit; it remains for Autumn to gather into barn and store room all the treasures of the field and orchard, and to count with grateful heart the rich returns of earnest, manly toil.

Gently and imperceptibly it steals upon us. From week to week we see the evening shadows earlier, and

the warmth of Summer is checked and subdued by the lengthened nights. Now cool and dewy mornings delight us, and the clear light of the moon, accompanied by bracing air, entices us forth to evening rambles.

The grain is reaped and housed some time ago, and rows of stacks of wheat or hay, along the corners of the field, mark the farmers well paid toil. Hardly recovered from the fatiguing labors of the harvest, he hastens to prepare the ground for future crops. Soon, from many well prepared fields, the tender autumnal wheat springs forth, awaiting the covering which Winter will give it. The ripened corn comes out here and there from its tight husk, promising well filled cribs; already the cutter is busily at work, and where not long ago dark green stocks swayed to and fro, the wigwam-like shocks now await the huskers' busy fingers. The orchard, too, demands the gathering of the russet, red, or golden, weight that hangs upon the limbs. Among the trees, the maple, proud of its autumnal beauty, is also the first, in some of its varities, to herald the coming of this season. Before the first frosts have done their work upon the others, its dented leaves have taken a golden or red tint, and come fluttering to the ground. But soon it is followed by its deciduous companions, and we behold everywhere, in the wood or by the wayside, the marks of advancing time. It is now that the peculiar glory of the American Autumn appears. In ever varying contrast we see the different shades of foliage combining to draw forth the admiration of the delighted eye. The gorgeous red of the maple mingles with the sombre hue of the evergreen; or the bright yellow of the hickory with the leaves of the oak and chestnut, slowly turning brown; while yet different shrubs add their various tints to the picture. Thus even in its decline is Nature charming, and adds to the never ceasing beauty of God's works. Shall we fail to observe

these things and neglect to cultivate those faculties of taste and observation to the gratification of which our Creator has so abundantly ministered. To the appreciation of these is closely linked the love of the beautiful in moral and spiritual things.

To the student Autumn marks the beginning of another year of labor. Recovered from the confinement of the previous term, during the summer vacation, he has gathered renewed vigor at the sea-side, in the forest, among the mountains, or in the useful labors of the farm, and now again hails with pleasure his companions in the pursuit of knowledge. The long deserted and silent halls ring again with the voices of their lively occupants.

But Autumn, while it brings with it these manifest outward changes, and tells us of the onward flight of time, is also to us the type of great spiritual truths. It is not only nature which has its autumn. There is a period in the existence of the individual, and even of nations, which can well be compared with this season. Already in tender youth, the spring time of life, bent is given to the powers of the mind and heart, which, if followed up and strengthened in the years following, will bring its own sure harvest. Upon the direction and nourishment which the young plant receives, the character of the fruit which shall be gathered greatly depends. Then let us not be unmindful of our high calling, that of men made in the image of God, and not live only for present, selfish enjoyment and then perish, like the butterfly, in the first frost. If this be our course, will we not be constrained to acknowledge that we have not brought forth fruit worthy of the talents bestowed upon us? More awful still, if, neglecting the cure and care of the soul, we should be compelled to say, "The summer is past, the harvest is ended, and we are not saved." Let us then rather seize with joy the offer of

heavenly strength, grasp with the eye of faith the glorious reward set before us in the Gospel, and devote ourselves to the service in the great field about us. Then, when to us shall come the days of the sere and yellow leaf, we shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing our sheaves with us.

So, too, there is a time in the history of a nation, when, under the guidance of Providence, it seems to have reached the ripeness of its development, and incapable of doing more in its particular mission, it sheds its fruit. Then often with much commotion and widefelt heavings it hastens on to dissolution. But although we see this repeated again and again in the history of mankind, it is no cause for distrust or repining. For as the falling leaves of Autumn discover the buds mysteriously alive with the embryo foliage of a Spring yet to come, so there are hidden beneath the ingathering of the ripened fruit of nations the germs of future national growths which shall each bring forth more glorious fruit than its predecessor.

H. B.

THE FADED LEAF.*

We all do fade as a leaf.—*Isaiah lxiv. 6, ver.*

Has this poor faded leaf a voice, you ask,
And does it, can it speak to me?
It has; and on myself I'll take the task
To tell you what the words may be.

“ A few short days ago, I grew,” it says,
“ Upon the very topmost bough;
Where oft in glee sweet songsters chant their lays,
And notes of sweetest music flow.
And when the monarch of the day arose,
Resplendent o'er the onstern sky,
And cast his warming rays on plant, and rose,
And on the waving forests by:
Oh! then I've felt his cheering, glad'ning beams,

Full on my drooping, pining face,
Like pleasant visions from the land of dreams,
That light a gloomy, darkened place.
And when his lingering radiance all had fled
Behind the lofty mountain top,
And when the Queen of night her dews had shed,
From her ethereal nectar cup :
Then too, I've drunk with gladsome thankfulness,
The dewy sweets distilled from heaven,
Like showers amid the wasted wilderness,
For tired and thirsty travellers given.
And often have the zephyr breezes fanned,
And cooled my parched and languished form,
Like syren winds from some Elysian land,
Where blows no cruel, blighting storm !
And when these gales have passed so softly by,
I've raised my tiny head with pride,
High up toward the shining, sunny sky,
And every threatening blast defied.
'Twas thus I thought that I should always bloom,
In ever-during verdure dressed,
And never dreamed that it would be my doom
To moulder with the buried past !
'Twas thus I thought to baffle stern decay,
And in a long, immortal youth,
To tower above the fading forms of clay,
And bask in never ceasing growth.
But ah ! the angry gusts with mighty power,
Have swept away my hopes so high ;
And borne me in an unexpected hour,
To earth's cold bosom with a sigh !
Ahd now I lie upon the chilly ground,
My robe of green decayed and gone,
And of my former beauty, nought is found ;
For I am withering—dying—done !
And now, when dawns the morning beams of light,
Its rays ne'er come to enliven me ;
And when come on the sombre shades of night,
No sparkling gems of dew I see.
The tender winds, that once so mildly play'd,
And made the branches gently wave,
Now breathe a requiem o'er my form decayed,
And mourn an early, lonely grave.
Hear then, O man, a lesson from my end,
A moral from my paltry breath ;
And see how frail each joy, each tie, each friend,
How soon they feel the touch of death !
Art thou bound down to earth by hopes of bliss,

That seem e'en now within thy power?
 And dost thou love a cheerless world like this,
 That seldom has a happy hour?
 And dost thou think these joys of thine will last,
 When all around is dead and gone?
 That they will still defy earth's stormy blast,
 And proudly, gaily, marshal on?
 Dost thou expect these plants of thine shall bloom
 Amid the general wreck of all,
 That they shall still undying, mock the tomb,
 When all that's dust shall pale and fall?
 Oh turn, and see my withered form, and learn
 How vain our thoughts of pleasure are;
 And let your precious soul within you burn
 For something higher, nobler far!
 Think not true joy to find upon this sphere,
 Where fairest blossoms fade and die,
 For ah! we know that gladness dwells not here,
 It is a plant that grows on high!
 Hast thou dear friends whose smiles of love are thine,
 Whose hearts with thine in union beat;
 Whose words in time of pain seemed near divine,
 So full were they of counsel sweet?
 Hast thou loved ones, whose forms are dear to thee,
 Whose names are graven on thy soul;
 To whom thy spirit, confident, can flee
 When clouds of direst sorrow roll?
 And dost thou think these friends shall always live,
 To cheer thee with their smiles of love,
 And will their hearts, affections always give,
 Their steadfast natures ne'er remove?
 Oh! no, I once was bright and fair as they,
 And forward looked with joyous eye;
 But soon I felt the power of stern decay,
 And now in death and ruin lie!
 Soon, too, beneath the grassy sod they'll sleep,
 Cold in the chilling arms of death;
 And o'er their buried ashes you will weep,
 And mourn their short and hasty breath!
 And soon your term of human life shall close,
 Your body moulder back to clay;
 Your spirit, wearied, worn, shall soon repose
 And wake in everlasting day!"

Hear then the voice from this poor faded leaf,
 (This less than least of smallest flowers)
 Thy life, O man, at longest is but brief,
 O! then improve its precious hours!

GHOSTS.

It is natural for man to have some lingering belief in the supernatural ; fostered in our childhood by fireside tales and spectral stories, sustained in children of a larger growth by the conceits and vagaries of wandering charlatans ; maintained by little events here and there : the illusion possesses a place in our minds more or less important, according to the varieties of temperaments. All our sense of the probable, our faculty of reason, our faith in religion, are summoned to dismiss the unearthly intruders from the secret recesses of our brain.

We believe in ghosts. Ever since the remote period of short frocks, when, afraid to mount the stairs in the dark, we gasped fearfully at the sight of a ghastly pillow staring us in the face from our bedside, our faith in ghosts has been unshaken. How many a valiant fellow has trudged home on some starless night, with his heart in his mouth, seeing a ferocious hob-goblin in every rail of the winding fences, and every projecting branch of elfish tree ! In vain to whistle inspiriting notes of Yankee Doodle ! They fail to drive gloomy thoughts away, and, as the limbs of the shadowy monsters by the way side wave to and fro with ominous moan and terror-inspiring muttering, the tongue clings to the roof of the mouth, and all the dread of the unseen world fastens on the soul with stern and solemn power. A white cow rises from insignificance to infinite importance ; and the shirt which the careless housemaid has left over night to swing and sway in the breeze, on some chance clothes-line, fills the heart with emotions strange, fearful, and undefined.

Has the reader ever reflected how he would feel or act on seeing a ghost ? Would he with Hamlet cry out :

“ Angels and ministers of grace defend us !
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell !”

and, with hat elevated by the forcibly rising action of the hair of his head, feel each particular hair bristle, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine?" Or would he take to his heels bravely, and leave the apparition master of the field? The former would be the *dramatic* course, the latter the *natural* impulse. We have no hesitation in saying, that however dark it might be, our *heels* would be light enough. No one can fail to appreciate the courage of the Danish prince in addressing by words the shade of his departed father; it was a daring act, and yet the policy of it is doubtful, and not to be often imitated. For, in addition to the fact that it is painfully uncertain what language the ghost can understand and speak, there is the latent probability that he may not be a ghost after all, as a friend of ours can attest who was prostrated by the hand of a stalwart and infuriated Hibernian, who happened to be airing himself by midnight on a road-side fence. Having then determined upon the proper and advisable mode of action, let us consider the old chaps themselves.

Ghosts were formerly met with about midnight. In these degenerate days it is doubtful whether they remain out later than ten o'clock. Occasionally some dissipated fellow may be seen strolling around after that time, but the larger number of well behaved spectres are between their sheets at the hour we have mentioned. It cannot, however, be denied that some persons who make a habit of remaining out late at evening parties, often have serious difficulties with spirits before reaching home; for this they are themselves responsible, and cannot blame the tenants of ghost-land. Spiritualists are decided humbugs. My respect for the inhabitants of the other world prevents me from supposing that they would descend to earth for any such foolish purpose as upsetting tables, and performing other unwarantable actions. It would not be consistent with the

dignity of any respectable spirit to conduct himself in such a manner. Equally objectionable are the notions advanced by Pythagoras to show that our respected great grandfathers are now donkeys, and our beloved female ancestors, of the porcine persuasion. If, during our future promenades in the supernatural world, we should ever come in contact with the spirit of the heathen philosopher, he would have to pay dearly for his slanderous theory, or one of us would find himself a whipped goblin; and if ghosts have "muscle," a fact open to discussion, we are confident that we would be the successful party in the encounter.

All this aside. Though the Nineteenth Century has earned the name of being the most realistic of any that man has yet seen, it cannot be denied that a belief in the communication of living people with disembodied spirits, has been gaining ground in spite of the laughter, the ridicule, and the abuse which has been heaped upon the supporters of the ideas known as "spiritual." To us, however, there is nothing revolting in the belief that we can hold converse with the dear ones who have left us. It seems a sweet and pleasant thought, and so far from being one which ought to terrify and appall us, it is one that should console and sustain us in grief. Why then is not spiritualism this day an avowed article in the belief of half the world? We know that there is an indefinable something in man which forces him, often involuntarily, to give credence to the presence of unsubstantial beings on earth. We know that as God has implanted this in our moral natures, it must have been for some purpose, and that a good one. It is not a creation or a result of the brain, for the reason at first shrinks from it. It proceeds from something deeper—the very inward, secret, hidden soul. The immortal must in some way retrace their steps from heavenly glories, or many emotions and inner thoughts of our

hearts are causeless and without foundation. No age has been without testimonies to the truth of it; the Scriptures contain innumerable instances of it. Visions, spiritual voices, mandates from heaven, are scattered in profusion over the inspired pages. If this could have all been true once, why is it not true for all time? No matter what the nation's creed may have been, we find none on history's tablets which have not in their theology or mythology recognized the existence in the world of unearthly and bodiless spirits. In the same way history shows that mankind, of however widely varying beliefs, has always had a definite, though sometimes scarcely adequate, idea of some high deity, powerful and ruling over mind and matter. So Christians bow down before our Jehovah, omnipotent and terrible. If we can see here the manifest power of the Almighty, planting in the heathen's mind and soul a knowledge of Him and of the Supreme Authority which guides and governs the course of earth and man. We can see, too, in the concurrence of which we have spoken the *probability*, to say the very least, of the truth of "spiritual" ideas, of the fact that all the world is not mistaken and that it is possible, or not far from possible, that some portions of mankind have found the correct solution of the problem.

What then, we repeat, is the reason why we look with distrust on the "manifestations" which, at the present time, we see so frequently? First, because the apostles and professors of the "art" are generally utterly beneath contempt, either ignorant imposters or rascally charlatans. Their exhibitions of knowledge and power are confined to "shows," admittance to which is to be purchased by money. The question naturally arises in the mind of the one who witnesses the antics performed, What is the manifest purpose or utility of all this? Does it help the world in any way? Suppose the spirits-

condescend to move furniture, to knock on the wall, to untie untiable knots, and loose ropes from the arms of persons bound, we ask at first impulse, *cui bono?* No one would send for the spirits on the 1st of May to transport his household goods and chattels. All this mummary, this pagan fuss, cannot be of any avail. The mediums, if such a term be grammatical, cannot tell us anything we do not already know, cannot aid or assist us in anything we wish to accomplish. No sooner do we look closely into their deeds and performances than the conclusion strikes us irresistably that their influence is petty and unimportant, and all their theories and deductions absurd on their very face. No person can be misled, if he possess ordinary intelligence, by the claims and assumptions of the designing pretenders who profess so thorough an acquaintance with all the ghostly mysteries.

No! the ghosts in whom we believe do not wander around with superfluous chains dangling from their shadowy limbs; they are not so imprudent as to go out in all weathers clothed in the simple and elegant costume of a sheet; neither are they to be put to flight by such cunning contrivances as horse shoes, which may be all very well for night mares and other equine specimens of the spectre family, but whose effect when rational spirits are concerned, I respectfully beg leave to mistrust. They are not addicted to the disreputable practice of hiding in grave yards and occasionally jumping forth to terrify the beholder; nor are they upwards of ten feet in height, or they would have long since fallen into the clutches of some enterprising Barnum.

My ghosts are present in the minds of men; they restrain us in rashness, cheer us in despondency, console us in affliction; in corporeal images of friends past and gone, they create in our souls feelings of love and tenderness; they are "ministering angels to minister to

us." In hours of sleep they watch over us, in our moments of danger they guard us; when we are about to stray from the right path, their invisible influence holds us back; woe to the unfortunate man whom they desert! We love to find them present within us, to commune with them, to find them in their attachment and affection far more constant than mortal friends.

So we believe in them, and if any one will seat himself in a dark and lonely attic, where the boards creak without the slightest provocation, where bats flutter and owls hoot, and will there read, lighted only by the pale moon and the dim twinkling of the starry sentinels of the night, the grim ballad of "Alonzo the Brave," and the history of that interesting gentleman who stood in such pressing need of vermicide, inasmuch as "the worms crawled in and the worms crawled out,"—our opinion is that the reader will share our belief, crediting the orthodox idea of shades walking visibly upon earth, though he may not entertain the same opinions exactly as we do on this absorbing but ever unsatisfactory subject.

LEO.

POETRY IN WORDS.

Though the Sun's great face is seen
Mirrored in the Ocean's stream,
Yet the little drop of dew,
Holds his glorious image too,
So Poetry, alike may dwell
In phrases or in words as well,
May glorify an Iliad's page,
Or grace a word from age to age;
Finds or makes a shrine in all,
E'en the smallest of the small!

S.

* See French on the "Study of Words"—Page 37.

GREEK.

"Philosophy I esteem, but I cannot extend similar consideration to Sophists and pedantic Grammarians."

I do not like Greek at all, and in the remarks I am about to make, may indulge in phrases and expressions neither the mildest nor the most honeyed; so that whoever is peculiarly sensitive and tender, and whose heart-strings are liable to be violently jarred by any profane allusion to the sublime Pelasgic tongue, had better pass over these pages, and betake himself to the soft and soothing influence of Attic augments and anapaestic dimeters acatalectic as set forth in the masterly works of Koehner, Hadley, Crosby, Bullion and such! So much by way of caution. As stated above, I do not like Greek one bit, though I have had quite an extended intercourse with him—in fact, from my youth up. Father always desired that I should have a thorough, liberal education. But he was somewhat limited in means, and if my small head e'er held all he wished it to, sister Kit would be obliged to give up her dreams of boarding school life, with its music, and painting, and poetry, and fun; and remain at home with the old folks, aiding them when she could, and acquiring for herself whatsoever knowledge came in her way, deeming a year or two at the public school a privilege of privileges. So wrapt up in 'his boy' was my father, that he chose this course. Kit remained beneath the ancestral roof, willingly lent her aid to father in carrying out his design; wore her dresses all through one season, and far into the next; had no library of books, no portfolio of drawings, no costly flowers, and jewels, and silks and satins, as other girls had. Thus father managed to raise what was necessary, and I, nicely fitted out, found myself transferred from my native village to the keeping of Dr. Slow, who, for so much *per annum*, was to start me on the road to a sound extended "education."

Well, I began with elementary mathematics ; mastered Addition, and almost comprehended Subtraction. Then I opened the leaves of a geography, and looked at the back of Smith's Speller and Definer. After this my enlarged mind was ready to grapple with the dead languages. Dwelling long enough on Latin to run through the cases of *musa* and *dominus*, and to rattle of *amo, amare*; I came at length, after the most thorough preparation, to the grand contest of life, or rather *against* life, as the sequel will show. In short, I began the study of Greek.

Dr. Slow was a gentle old man, but a true Grecian, and most energetic and warlike when any unbeliever ventured the slightest jeer at his beloved dead language. Heretofore he had taken slight interest in me, but when I entered these catacombs of moulderling Hellenes, he suddenly conceived a wondrous fondness, so that I came directly and always under his personal supervision. He strove to impress upon my plastic mind that a knowledge of the Greek language would fit me for anything—for a warrior, statesman, philosopher, or retail grocery-man. I was impressed, and accordingly buckled into grammar, text-book and lexicon with might and main. For three years I obeyed Dr. Slow, gave my whole attention to that great educator, Greek. Then I was prepared to take that long leap, from a childish boarding-school to the whiskered, swallow-tailed college. Here I clung to Dr. Slow's theory, polled Greek, Greek, Greek—Greek, the great educator! For four years I devoted my giant intellect to this world-sustaining, world-directing agent, Greek. In fine, of these seven years, I have spent *four* in unceasing application to the great educator. This is equal to about one thousand four hundred days, or thirty-three thousand six hundred hours of study. I have farther burned up about 945 gallons, or 15 hogsheads of oil ; 100 boxes of matches, and 16½ yards, or 3 rods, poles or perches of lampwick. On account of

sedentary habits, my pantaloons disappeared at the rate of one pair per month, making 48 during the whole four years. The elbows of my sleeves were renewed fortnightly, so that altogether I was blessed with 192 elbows. Such is an imperfect estimate of the cost of my education—my education in Greek. Let me count up the profits.

In the first place I might almost be mistaken for blind Bartimeus. My eyes have feasted so long, by day and by night, upon the fair pictures of quaint, hieroglyphic Greek characters, that now, when I look at a book or a paper, and oftentimes in the air, I see countless gammas tumbling pell mell into one inextricable maze; or 72 small xi's riding horseback on the “3d person singular, 2d aorist, indie., active of *gignomai*.” As for using my eyes, that is altogether out of the question, and the doctor says months must elapse before they will be at all restored. In the mean time, when my strength permits, Kit leads me about through the house and among her flowers in the garden, which she has managed in one way and another to become possessed of. Father promised to travel with Kit when I finished my education, but now she must stay at home and take care of me.

Again, I spoke above of my health “permitting me.” Yes, I am an invalid now. Four years of study have rounded my shoulders like a Grecian bow, or “Bend.” My physique would delight the humane anatomist, who would gaze with rapture upon my well defined spinal column, my ulna and radius, my femur and fibula. The consumption is gnawing at my vitals. Yes, I have a hacking cough, and anon to my cheek there comes a hectic flush which tells that “Death has marked me for his own.” Soon I prove my firm, lasting attachment to my friend, the “great educator.” In a few weeks, or months, or perhaps a year, I shall lay down my life—my life lost in studying Greek.

But while I live, what good am I? How can I repay Kit for her attention to me? Can I tell her of the things she has had no opportunity to comprehend? Can I explain the motions of the stars, the phases of the moon, the revolutions of the earth, the succession of day and night, the coming and going of the seasons? Can I tell her why her flower falls to the earth, rather than flies off into space? Why the frost comes and kills her dahlias, and the snow covers them over for months? Can I explain away her difficulties when she comes to me with the Holy Book, and asks me how all this great world, with its land and sea, its mountains and plains, its living beings, rational and brute, its trees and plants, could be created in six days? Can I answer any of these? No, I have spent my time and life in studying Greek! When she quotes some line from a poet with whom she has made acquaintance as the needy can, or admires a lofty thought, what can I say in reply, what can I do save jabber off the silly *tuplomai*, *tupla*, *tupletai*, or the sillier *hootos*, *hoota*, *tooto*!

But suppose my health unimpaired, and my eyesight clear, what business could I enter upon? I could not be a warrior, for being all the while immured within a plodding student's dingy walls, that fearless spirit which delights in the cannon's roar, the rattle of musketry and the clash of swords, has long since departed, while I can only muster courage sufficient to raise from their ancient, mouldy tombs the decayed remains of "a once great and glorious"—tongue. Can I be a statesman or a philosopher? No! Instead of investigating events and phenomena in their causes and laws, I have allowed my discursive faculty to languish in stupid inactivity, while I piled into my cranium all the crooked, abnormal words that the Grecian language is heir to. Are the sciences open to me? No. Can I keep a retail grocery store? No; Dr. Slow never took me beyond subtraction. In fine, I cannot do anything.

Here I am then, a sickly thing, a numskull, a burden to my family, an object of contempt to myself. This is my education. This is what Greek has done for me. And now it is, that looking at myself thus, and perceiving many other chaps in a similar condition, I ask, *What is the use of Greek?* Train says, "Do you wish to manage a botanical garden, or keep an apothecary shop, then learn Latin. Nobody else thinks of using it." But who will say even this much for Greek?

Oh! exclaims some staunch defender of the 'departed great,' the study of Greek is useful as developing habits of attention and observation—the closest attention and observation. A single word may have a number of meanings altogether different from one another. These differences of signification are indicated by the slightest marks—such trivial things as an accent acute or grave; an augment by the mere lengthening of a vowel; a change of a single syllable in the termination. And it is only by the detection of these that one is enabled to grasp the meaning of the clause, so that the student must be most watchful and alert. Further, the arrangement of the words in the sentence must be carefully looked to. Whether such a word is emphatic. Whether this is governed by the verb next to it, or by some other word away off in a remote part of the sentence. With what this adjective agrees, and what that adverb modifies. All these, and a host of other niceties require on the part of the student the most undivided attention and the closest inspection. It is thus that he is trained for the duties of life, where observation is the key to success. Thus he will learn to examine closely into all terrestrial affairs. He will perceive in every instance of prosperity or failure, the circumstances which led to that success or failure. He looks beneath the surface of humanity, sees the laws and principles there existing to produce the varied phenomena of life. He looks at

man, and by his habit of examining most keenly, detects immediately that man's character. The restless eye, the sheepish look, an open bearing, freedom from constraint—these are to him a volume. In fine, the reading the obscure passages of Greek teaches him to understand the obscure passages of human life.

Bah! read human nature! Two hundred years spent in studying Greek would never enable one to detect signs of a national revolution, or a financial crash; or the indications of future growth and prosperity. And I will wager, Mr. Greek-Hoplite, I will wager as much oil and lampwick, as many matches, and pantaloons, and elbows as I have used in my four years of study, against your oldest, and mouldiest, and obscurest, and most worthless Greek book, that when you go into the world, with all your habits of observation, the first news-boy you meet will sell you for to-day's paper one dated two months ago; the man with the "open bearing" will pass off upon you a counterfeit bank bill, or a bogus check; the man with "freedom from constraint," will relieve you of your pocket-book, watch and chain, sealing-ring—everything except that musty tome you carry under your arm, that teacher of "observation," which in fact teaches these gentlemen aforesaid, to "observe" that you are the blindest, dullest, simplest chap they have met since the last Greek-class graduated. Knowledge of human nature, forsooth! It cannot be obtained theoretically—to understand the world, we must study the world. Says Goldsmith: "There is more knowledge to be acquired from one page of the volume of mankind, if the scholar only knows how to read, than in volumes of antiquity."

Well, says the Greek, if our training from this study is useless in after life, we gain a vast knowledge of ancient forms of government, and ancient manners and customs. Some have supposed that these ancient man-

ners and customs were described in a language which was allowed to become obsolete, because they were the crudities and absurdities of the undeveloped human intellect, were useless to man as he advanced in enlightenment, and might very properly be forgotten. But our Grecian thinks otherwise, and he dives into Herodotus, and polls out all the stories and traditions of the rapes of Helen, Io and Medea, the exposure of Mandane's son, the doings of Deioces, Cambyses, Cyaxares, &c. He wades through the writings of Hecataeus, Charon, Hellanicus, and a host of others of world-wide reputation, and then expatiates in glowing terms upon the vast treasures stored up in the books of the ancient historians. In the meantime it is supposed there is no history of the nations now existing, or if there is, it is unimportant, unworthy of remark.

" What, though he know not how his fathers bled,
When civic discord piled the fields with dead,
When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France :
Though marveling at the name of Magna Charta,
Yet well he recollects the law of Sparta,
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
While Blackstone's on the shelf negleeted laid."

Well, begins the Greek again, granting, since you are so mightily sarcastic, that this ancient knowledge is not the most important, is comparatively useless, still the intellectual enjoyment experienced in reading the works of the Greek orators, and philosophers, and poets, amply repays all the toil, and all the oil, the redness of the eyes, and the broken down health, incident upon the acquiring that language. Doubtless the prosy, long winded address of Socrates before his accusers awakens feelings ten thousand times more thrilling than those tame, unmeaning remarks of Emmet just before his execution. The noble, almost inspired utterances of Demosthenes produce an infinitely greater effect when it is recollected that, in the battle of Cheronea he taught

the Athenians by practice, as he had often done before by his ‘noble, almost, &c. utterances,’ to defend their liberties to the last, by ignominiously fleeing from the field. Or his denunciations against those susceptible of bribery, gain in power, when it is known that he “suffered himself to be bribed by a small golden cup from Harpalus.” Or we would fain pore forever over the speeches of *Æschines*, when we know they were directed against the above ‘noble, almost inspired’ Demosthenes, and that he too received bribes from Philip.

And then the great mental feast from reading the Greek philosophers. What is a life-time of plodding, and polling, and plodding, when we thereby know that Thales considered the elementary substance from which was made the whole universe, to be *water*. Are we not abundantly repaid for all our labor when we thereby become able to read the three hundred books of Epicurus, wherein he holds that man’s chief end is pleasure and sensual gratification? Diogenes, too, is a perfect treat,—Diogenes, the cynic, who despised every body, and expressed his contempt for every body, high and low—though it is probable he would have conceived the profoundest admiration for our Greek advocate, had he been living then. And Democritus is taken for desert, who, having put out his eyes, thereupon laughed at all the follies and sufferings of mankind; they *seemed* so ridiculous to him. Philosophy at best, is somewhat interesting, but doubly so as treated by the ancients.

The poets. Ah! the poets! Prepare now for torrents of honey and avalanches of beauty. Oh, the exquisite sweetness and irresistible charm of the Greek poets! Will you, Mr. Miso-Graecist, venture to make fun of Homer, *Æschylus*, Euripides, Simonides, *Anacreon* and *Sappho*? Considering that Homer is so exquisitely sweet, over the fierce rage of Achilles, the contention about Briseis, the continual quarrels and strifes

of the heroes with one another; holding in mind the murder of Agamemnon by his tender Clytemnaester; recollecting the unnatural crimes of Medea; hearing Simonides slavishly tune his songs in sycophantic praise of tyrants and despots; having a vague impression that the lays of Anacreon and Sappho might be frowned upon by some angular maid of forty as slightly immoral; we must be excused for hesitatingly allowing the spotless purity and glowing irradiance of these writers. But our Greek admirer is enamored of them, gives all his attention to them. This is the chap who

"Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name."

Chaucer, Milton, Shakspeare, Byron, were probably poverty-stricken penny-a-liners, who wrote Beadle's "Dime Song Books," or Christie's "Gems of Minstrelsy,"—at all events, unworthy of notice.

Well, any how, if you do laugh at me, and if Greek don't train one so very much, and the history is unimportant, and the orators, philosophers and poets are surpassed by the moderns,—any how, Greek is *nice*, and I'm going to study it.

Yes, its "nice," and after all this long rigmarole of a defence, this is all you can say for it, "it's nice." That's what I put out my eyes for, and broke down my health. Because "it's nice." Now, what in the name of Jupiter and Juno, and all the gods and goddesses assembled on Olympus, and all the muses at Aganippe, and all the nymphs, satyrs, tritons, dryads and hamadryads—what use has the study of Greek now. Even granting its historic value, and the excellence of the orators and poets, have we not translations sufficiently accurate? Bayne says we have. Ought we then to waste four, or five, or six, or eight, or ten years of our life in digging these out of the original conglomeration and muxation? *Of what use is Greek?*

Do you want to settle down into some dry, phlegmatic, pedantic, old, repellent, pedagogue? Study Greek. Do you want to be a still dryer, a slow, dull, lumbering vicar in a very rural settlement, and preach the neighboring boors and peasants to sleep once a week, "at £40 a year?" Study Greek. Do you want to be a "nice" young man? Study Greek. But for common sense' sake, if you want to be anybody respectable, *Study English.*

ATTILA.

LOST.

My soul is slowly sinking
Under its burden of sin.
The Prince of the powers
Of air winds himself
Around, and binds it
With chains of Habit,
And links them with despair.
O, could I burst their thralldom
And be from their bondage
Free! O, could I my youth
Live over and this sad
Future see! Remorse should
Cease to haunt me,
Despair would give release;
For I would live so holy,
So pure, so free from sin,
That the angels would watch
And guard me from him
Who rules o'er fallen spirits.
But never can youth
Come back to me,
And it only saddens deeper
The sorrows of other years,
To recall the youthful
Innocence of those happy,
Halcyon days. My soul
Shrieks out in agony
For the freedom now
Denied by the dread,

Dread fiend of Habit,
The demon brother of Pride.
And is there balm for
Wounded hearts? Can
Aught emancipate my soul,
And set my spirit free?
Can aught be found
Which shall have power
O'er Habit and Despair;
And unto them with master's
Voice say:—Spirits of ruin,
Stop! Haste to your dens,
Ye Powers of Darkness!
I turn unto the holy page,
And there, in words
Which burn and sear
Into my quivering Soul,
There, like the knell of eternal
Death or of agony's last sigh,
Is the dread answer:
The Soul that sinneth,
It shall die.

ATROPOS.

THE SOLAR ENGINE.

It has long been an object of earnest thought and labor to obtain a new motive power for machinery. Capt. Ericsson, the inventor of the Monitor, announces that he has at length discovered this in the rays of the sun, so concentrated as to render steam or air sufficiently elastic to propel machinery.

Such a declaration less than half a century ago, would have startled the whole civilized world. Few would have ventured to believe it; the invention would have been universally ridiculed, and pronounced the dream of an enthusiast. We now hear of so many wonderful inventions, that this great discovery has received less attention than it deserves. Formerly it was thought absurd to ask the anthracite coal to give up the heat

which had been stored away in it for ages. Now, no one can think it incredible that the sun itself should supply, from day to day, the power to move machinery.

Ericsson has been devoting his attention to this subject for several years. Realizing the necessity of obtaining a motor for the steam-engine which should be cheaper than coal, and universally accessible, he conceived the idea of asking it directly of the sun itself. He reasoned that, as the sun has stored away, little by little, the heat which we obtain from coal, so heat might now be collected from many rays of the sun, in such intensity as to propel machinery. He discovered that the radiant heat of the sun, at the surface of the earth, will evaporate 489 cubic feet of water in an hour, indicating a power sufficient to raise 35,000 lbs. one foot in a minute, which is greater than a one-horse power. By careful study and experiment, he has been able to concentrate the radiant heat on one hundred feet of surface, so as to propel an engine of more than one horse power. Three of these engines, with the concentrating apparatus, have already been constructed, and Ericsson is carrying his invention into practice with such vigor, that, before winter, it is thought flour will be ground by means of the solar engine.

The discovery was made known to the world by Capt. Ericsson in a lecture before the Faculty of the University of Lund, in Sweden. He gave no description of the apparatus, but spoke merely of the manner of its application. It is applied to two kinds of engines. In one the heat of the sun is made to generate steam; in the other it renders air sufficiently expansive to drive the machinery.

The engines already constructed exert a force of more than one-horse power each; and the inventor has calculated that the power can be very greatly augmented without an inconvenient increase in the size of the

apparatus. By grouping a number of them together, an immense amount of power may be obtained. A single square mile, after setting aside one-half the area for necessary roads and buildings, would contain two hundred and eighty-eight engines of fifty horse power each. "Archimedes," said Ericsson, "enthusiastically exclaimed of his favorite device, the lever, that it had power enough to heave the earth from its path." With more truth it might be said of the concentrated heat of the sun, "that it has power enough to stop the earth in its course."

It may seem that the expense and size of a concentrating apparatus, such as would be required by a powerful engine, must be a great hindrance to its general use. The cost, however, the inventor states, will not be very great; the space occupied will be a matter of little moment in an open country, and even in crowded cities, the apparatus could be placed upon the roofs of the buildings, so that little room would be lost. On the other hand, it will consume no fuel. The economy in this respect will, in a very short time, exceed the cost of land and material; so that, on the whole, it will be by far the cheapest source of heat for the steam-engine. There is, however, a very serious drawback to the usefulness of the Solar Engine, in the great irregularity in the supply of heat. A large proportion of the heat of the sun is shut out from the earth in cloudy weather and in Winter; and these, in the countries where civilization is now the greatest, occupy more than half the year. Ericsson says that an ingenious mechanic can easily devise means for storing up for cloudy weather, the heat obtained when the sun is shining. It may be doubted, however, whether this can be done to any very great extent, and it is certain, that in Winter, in this high latitude, the heat of the sun which reaches the earth is not sufficient for machinery. Still, there are vast regions

where the Solar Engine would seldom be interrupted either by clouds or by Winter, and even in this cold and rainy latitude, whenever the sun's rays are strong enough, the solar heat could be used to great advantage for saving fuel.

If the Solar Engine should prove successful, it will undoubtedly be a great blessing to civilization. The heat for propelling the steam-engine can be obtained in all parts of the world, free of cost, directly from the great source of heat. In countries where coal is most abundant, its price will be greatly diminished, and wherever civilization may be planted, even in those vast regions where coal is scarce, in South America, in China, and in the Islands of the Pacific, the Solar Engine will open an exhaustless fountain of mechanical power. The material prosperity of a country depends to a great extent, upon its facilities for the cheap and rapid manufacture of the products of its soil. It is, therefore, exceedingly important, that, as civilization spreads over the earth, there should be everywhere at hand a cheap and efficient force for driving the lathe and the loom.

Moreover, the English are already becoming anxious in regard to their supply of coal. It is calculated that, for ought we know, within two thousand years, "but a drop in the bucket of time," their mines will be utterly exhausted. Long before this, the knowledge that the supply is limited, will greatly increase the price of coal. The prosperity of England is due to having coal produced at the same place as the staple articles of manufacture, and the comfort of thousands of poor depends upon the cheapness of fuel. What a blessing, then, will it be for England, to possess everywhere an exhaustless source of power for manufactures, that coal may be saved for fuel.

This new means of obtaining mechanical power has been discovered exactly at the proper time to meet the

requirements of mankind. Coal now exists in abundance wherever it is needed ; but the rapid progress of civilization shows very clearly that in a few years all the facilities for manufacture will be required by countries where little coal is to be found, and which are best adapted by their warm and cloudless skies to the use of the Solar Engine.

Whatever, then, may be the disadvantages of this invention, the discovery of a new source of mechanical power cannot but be a great blessing to the nations of Europe and to the United States, and will confer incalculable benefits upon the rising civilizations of South America and Asia.

212°

THE COW AND OUR COUNTRY.

There was, in ancient times, a man named Polychares, a Messenian by birth, and a victor at the Olympic games. Now this Polychares was possessed of some very fine cows, extraordinary fine cows, before which the Durhams of to-day would have seemed savages, while the Alderneys would have hung their heads in very shame-facedness that they cumbered the earth and cropped the grass, while Polychares' cattle were so much superior and so much more deserving.

There was also, at this time, a Spartan, Euaephnus, about as honest as the code of Lycurgus required Spartans to be, and, withal, far more desirous of this world's goods than was compatible with the simple habits and wants of a true Spartan. This Euaephnus must have been a dyspeptic, and, accordingly, unable to indulge in the black broth of his comrades. At all events, we conclude that he was seized of an intense desire for milk—cow's milk. For, no sooner did he discover

Polychares' cattle, than he decided to appropriate them to his own use, forgetting, at the same time, to inform Polychares of the change. In fine, Euaephnus stole the cattle, no doubt rehearsing the theft of Admetus' cattle by Mercury, some years ago. Whether, now, this was one of Euaephnus' jokes or not, Polynices was terribly wroth thereat, and, in no gentle tone, demanded of the Spartan government indemnity to the full value of the cows. But the Spartans gave not the slightest heed to this blustering of the plaintiff. What, therefore, was left Polynices, but to fall upon these unprincipled Lacedaemonians wherever he could find them, and put them to death; which he accordingly did, murdering them in cold blood. Of course, this procedure brought on a war between the Lacedaemonians and the Messenians; in which, after many had been wounded or slain on both sides, the Spartans at length gained the victory. All this was for a cow.

Men quarrel, now-a-days, about cows, but they do not stand up and pummel one another, nor bring their respective countries, states, or districts into the field. No. Instead, they fall upon the unoffending cow; one seizing her by the horns, the other laying hold of a part as far removed from his antagonist as possible. Then they begin to pull in opposite directions, and to tug with all their little might, and to swear much mightier. Then they call in to help them some of those individuals known as lawyers, who are always standing about, and who are always "in" for a fight. Well, these lawyers, perceiving no other point of attack, play the dairymaid, take all the substance from the cow, and then take themselves off. The men, whom we left at the horns and the other place, are all this time pulling, and straining, and swearing, till, at last, the poor cow, yielding to centrifugal force, falls apart, and is gathered to her mothers, to be pulled no more.

Such is a brief sketch of two cow fights, the one occurring some little time after the Flood, the other being seen about us on any court-day, except Sundays. To the most careless observer there must appear a very wide difference between ancient and modern bovine-fare. In the years B. C., the men were killed, while the cow was left to mourn over them. Now the cow is killed, and the men are in danger of killing themselves after. So that civilization in this respect has been advancing backward during the last 2600 years, and at present, there is danger that the cow may be destroyed from the face of the earth. To be sure, in India the people worship the cow and make a great fuss over her. But it must be recollected that of the 150,000,000 Indians, only 200,000 have given up their idols, leaving 149,800,000 in heathenism. Thus the India of to-day is about equal in advancement to the Sparta and Messenia of 743 B. C., and our deduction is still true, that there has been a woful relapse in cow-fighting since

"*Burning Sappho lov'd and sung.*"

And this is the more lamentable, since the cow is so absolutely necessary to the existence of man. It is well known, in this age of discovery and science, that the lacteal fluid extracted from the cow is most nourishing to tender infants, and we would almost venture to explain the harmlessness and gentleness of city bred boys, and the softness of Freshmen who won't subscribe for the "Lit," by the fact that they, like the Scythians, "feed on milk." Then, too, the cow furnishes for us butter, cheese, meat and leather, oils, jelly, and all the other things mentioned in the Cyclopaedias.

She is, furthermore, intimately associated with our ideas of rural happiness, and rural scenery. Who can feel himself completely at home in the country, though he be among leafy trees and warbling birds, unless he hear the faint bellowing of the distant cow, or the sharp

“brah!” of the skipping calf! And country scenery is defective without the cow. Take away the line,

“The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.”

and who could imagine even-tide in Farm-land, in Nature?

In fine, the cow is indispensible to man's life, and to the enjoyment of that life. And who will deny that it is foolish, sadly foolish for man to quarrel with man, to destroy that which supports him and makes him happy, and, in the end, to be left far worse off than in the beginning?

We are no poets, and hence will be pardoned if we make the homely observation,—that the same disposition which leads individuals to tear to pieces and destroy their cows, leads a nation to forget and fritter away the advantages and privileges necessary to its life and happiness.

One hundred years ago England sought to plunder her territory in America. But the sturdy sons of the West declaimed against such proceeding. England answered back. Words grew high, and from words, the disputants passed to blows. Over came the Red-coats and the Hessians. The Freemen rallied from the hill-side, rallied from the vale, ready to lay down their lives, their all. And for what? That the *country* might be freed from robbers, and remain undisturbed. So they did lay down their lives. Read the history of the Revolution, from the first blood at Lexington to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. So they did free the country from robbers, and handed it down to posterity unencumbered.

Behold the second quarrel over the country. A civil contention, the North arrayed against the South, each bickering, wrangling, growing fiercer and fiercer all the time. While we are thus engaged, our commerce passes into other hands; our cotton-trade is ruined, the world

supplying itself elsewhere; our factories, as a consequence, stand idle; business stagnates; doubt and uncertainty prevail. All the profits of the land, the agricultural wealth, are absorbed, filched away by those lawyers, whom we, like the men with the cow, have called in to help us. We are standing idle, worse than idle—casting fuel upon the flame of bitterness and hate, now too fiercely burning—while the lawyers are gradually, faster and faster, sucking our life-blood away. In time it must happen, inevitably as in the quarrel over the cow, that our government shall fall to pieces about us; while, in the crash of States o'erturned, our lawyers, laying hold of whatsoever plunder appeareth, will decamp, leaving us to perish utterly, sad monuments of man's foolishness, and inhumanity to man.

In view of these facts, is it not wise to pause and reflect? Ought not some steps to be taken to avert the impending ruin? Is not this country worth saving?

"The land of the free, and the home of the brave."

Whither the oppressed of every clime may flee from chains and bondage, and find security and plenty. Where Learning holds her court, giving every aid to art, science and religion. Whose natural advantages and resources outrival those of any other nation. Whose bays and harbors receive the great ships from abroad; while her lakes and rivers afford every facility to inland commerce, and to all manufactures. Whose mines are boundless in wealth, and a tenth part not yet discovered. Whose grand old mountains and echoing vales; whose fertile plains and heavily timbered forests constitute her

"Fair as the garden of the Lord,"

the '*praesidium et dulce decus*' of every American; the *terra desiderata* of every foreigner.

Ought we not, I say, to have some desire for the preservation and welfare of such a land? And, foreseeing the doom fated to this, our more than mad career, shall

we not throw off the spell of infatuation, and wake up to reality? Would it not be wise to politely inform our seconds in the fight, our lawyers, that their services are no longer needed; and, having set aside the fomenters of the strife, to forget the past, offer the right hand of fellowship to each other, and be joined once more and forever by the dear old ties of one common country?—recollecting that 'a house divided against itself cannot stand,' and that 'it is a pleasant thing for brothers to dwell together in harmony.'

G. 'OBBS.

BOOK REVIEWS.

VESPER VOICES.—This is a little book of poems, recently published by a graduate of the class of '68. We had just taken up the neatly bound volume for examination, when a knock was heard at the door of our *sanctum* and in stalked a great, lank, ungainly specimen, we supposed from the rural regions, but have since learned he was a native who had 'proposed' to all the fair ones of the town, and been invariably rejected by each of them. His quick eye fell upon us and our book—"Hello!" exclaimed he, "you have one of those 'Vesper Voices,' eh? Why, where did you get it? I couldnt find one in any of the book-stores." We expressed our wonder at this, and asked the cause. "Well, said he, "the reason lies just here. You see the book is dedicated to the 'Memory of the Past.' Now the supposed young ladies of the town, recognizing their property, have taken all the attainable copies and placed them among their most secret treasures, being led on by the Scriptural exhortation, 'Let the past bury the past.'"

Of course we immediately rang for the janitor, and our barbarian visitor made his exit more speedily, if not more gracefully, than he had entered. Every noble feeling within us was shocked, shattered, by this exhibition of human depravity, and it was some minutes ere we could bring ourselves to a calm, fair examination of the book in hand. We read it through, from end to end, and then fell to musing.

It was in another century that the rhymers sang,

* * * * "One poetic itch
Has seized the court and city, poor and rich."

But in every age we find some poets, and all through the past, youth of tender years have

"Lisp'd in numbers, and the numbers came."

'Twas in the 14th century that Chaucer's "great genius early attracted the

notice of the reigning Sovereign, Edward III." Spencer published his "Shepherd's Calender" at 23—Cowley wrote poetry at 16. Milton, Pope and Byron wooed the Muse in early years. In America, also, Bryant dashed off verse at 10; Poe claimed to have composed his "All Aaraaf Tamerlane" at 15 or 16, and Halleck, while yet a boy, saw his effusions filling the "poet's corner" of a country newspaper. In the days of their youth, it might have been said of each, Longfellow, Whittier, Willis, Lowell, Holmes.

"The land of song within thee lies,
Water'd by living springs."

Age, then, does not make the poet, and we do not hesitate to welcome this new sapirant after "Apollo's bays," though the down be faint upon his cheek, and his diploma but newly sealed. On the other hand, we rather rejoice that he comes to swell the minstrel throng, and, especially, to add another name to the meagre list of Princeton Songsters. We may enumerate our Davies, Breckenridge, Park, Freeman, but still the lists are open. In his volume, the author gives us poems—epic, idyllic, bucolic, anacreontic. His musings are generally of the past, of departed joys, of other scenes and faces. A certain strain of sadness seems to run through the whole, and, from chance pieces, here and there, we are led to believe that even the poet accepts the motto,

"Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

But we are not authorized to enter upon any extended critique of the work. We would, however, congratulate the author upon his first publication, and, also, felicitate our Alma Mater upon the possibility of some day shining more brightly through the lustre of their son. If it be true that

"A poet's life and death dependeth still,
Not on the poets wits, but reader's will,"

we guarantee a green old age to the author of "Vesper Voices."

THEMES AND QUESTIONS FROM BUTLER'S ANALOGY, for the use of the Students of Princeton. By Dr. Shields.

Butler is a dry old chap, and, withal, somewhat involved in mystery. So that quite a number of each class generally graduate with no more than a speaking acquaintance with this gentleman. It is the object of the above work to bring about a closer connection between the Doctor and the boys. But so wrapped up in his own thoughts is the worthy gentleman, that, even with this passport some find difficulty in drawing him out. It is to be hoped, however, that, with this advantage, each will make at least one attempt at acquaintance, and, if he fail, 'twill be because the Doctor is a bear, and won't make friends.

We have also seen a pamphlet of poems entitled, "The Land of the Dreamers," by a member of one of the present classes. This was altogether unofficial, and we merely notice it to show that a new and mellifluous era seems to be dawning in the intellectual history of the College.

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Olla-podrida.

COLLEGE NEWS.

DOINGS AT HOME.

“And now the chapel’s silver bell you hear,
 That summons you to all the pride of prayer:
 Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
 Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven.”

[POPE.]

Princeton started out on her 122nd annual trip over the sea of Time (who, for this simile, by a resuscitation of the Crotoniate philosopher, throws his soul into his son, Neptune, and becomes himself the marine god) gaily and with pennants streaming. Commencement had passed off very pleasantly, the crowd of visitors being great, the speeches good, well delivered and not ridiculed by the *Round Table*. Vacation brought back the bloom to cheeks blanched in a Homeric prison-house, and rest to limbs stiffened with over-practice in the new gymnasium. The old college itself, like a dame arrived at second childhood, strove to look young again; and, accordingly, the scars and marks of age were hidden away as much as possible. Paint (the simile of the dame is not carried out to here) was freely applied to North, East, and West colleges. The recitation-rooms seemed changed, by a few pounds of white-lead, into sitting-rooms, with easy-backed, soft-cushioned chairs. Then the campus twisted itself into all mathematical figures known to Juniors and a few advanced Sophomores. Great men, with glittering axes, lopped away the lower branches of the trees, that the genial sun might woo laborious students reclining ‘neath their (the trees’) out-reaching arms; and are still lopping, day after day, doubtless in imitation of the “Down-Easters,”—which is another proof of the Berkleyan apothegm, “Westward the star of empire (and of tree-trimming) takes its way.” All this made the old lady (returning once more to our dame simile) look quite respectable,—in fine almost a blooming lass.

Now, these things being so, no wonder grew that, at the call of the catalogue, young men came trooping into Princeton, August 27, in crowds and singly,

young and some a little older, bearded and smooth-faced. Here is how they came:—

	Whole No.	Newies.
Seniors	54	3
Juniors	84	10
Sophomores	76	25
Freshmen.....	62	62
 Total.....	 276	 100

They found several changes in the Faculty, and in the course of study. Dr. Moffat had succeeded Prof. Cameron in the dispensation of Greek to the Sophomores, while M. Veyer had taken the Gallic load from the Professor's burdened shoulders. Mr. Burroughs officiated in place of Dr. Duffield (on the sick list.) Three new tutors appeared upon the stage: Tutor of Mathematics, Dalrymple, '67; of Belles-lettres, Hunt, '65; of Latin, O'Brien, '64. Of the studies, Sunday Bible-recitations, *Alexander's Evidences*, *Way of Life*, had been abolished. In their place had been substituted a little Greek Testament, on Monday mornings, for the Seniors and Sophomores; a little Bible for the Juniors and Freshmen.

To meet these manœuvres on the part of the enemy, the students banded themselves together, and appointed their leaders as follows:

'69.	'70.	'71.	'72.
President.....	Fullerton.....	Swenk.....	Ostrander.....
Vice President...	Bridgeway		Owen
Treasurer.....	Porter.....	Henry.....	Pell.....
Secretary.....	Aiken.....	Gnernsey.....	Westbrook.....
Historian.....	G. K. Ward.....	Pierce.....	Wells.....

The opposing forces being so evenly balanced, each has feared to begin any offensive movement, and quiet has thus far reigned in Princeton. Nothing will be done till the arrival of

Our new President, DR. McCOSH,

Who, it is expected, will reach this country about the 20th inst. His inauguration will take place on the 27th, and promises to be an "epoch-making" affair indeed. Everybody is coming, and the ceremonies are expected to be such as to please and impress everybody.

The exercises will begin at 12½ o'clock, P. M., in the First Presbyterian Church. Addresses of welcome, in English, will be delivered by Dr. Charles Hodge, Hon. Wm. C. Alexander, and Ex-Gov. Pollock, on behalf of the trustees; while J. Thomas Finlay, '69, will receive the new President on the part of the students, in a Latin salutatory.

A promenade concert in the evening, under the direction of the students, promises to fitly close the inaugural festivities. A committee of arrangements, two from each class, has been appointed, as follows:

'69—Rosebro, Titus; '70—Pierce, Swenk; '71—Happer, Pell; '72—English, Wells.

We could not obtain from the committee a full programme of arrangements, though we offered them sodas, and to show their lady friends around on the eventful 27th. Grafulla's 7th Regiment Band, however, will be in attendance. The campus will be gaily illuminated; flowers will strew the way. All else remains a secret in the well guarded minds of the committee. Wait, wait.

Ever since his election to the presidency of Princeton College, Dr. McCosh has been the recipient of the kindest attentions, on both sides of the Ocean. A breakfast party was recently given in his honor, at Belfast, when a superb set of silver was presented to him. Lord Dufferin, Bishop of Down and Connor, presided, and many distinguished men were present. The testimonial consists of a very handsome silver engraved hexagon coffee-pot, teapot, sugar bowl, cream ewer, hot milk-jug, slop-bowl, tea-kettle, twenty-six inch salver and waiter.

Upon the salver is the following inscription:

"Presented to the Rev. James McCosh, D. D., LL. D., President of the College of Princeton, United States, as a memorial of the respect and attachment of the many friends of various denominations he has left behind him in Ireland. Belfast, August, 1868."

Accompanying the above was a beautiful massive gold bracelet—for Mrs. M. Harvard has honored him with an LL. D., Brown University and Jefferson College with D. D.—The press has glowed in his praise.

But the pleasantest affair was the breakfast party given in his honor at Brechin, Sept. 30, at which the Right Honorable the Earl of Dalhousie presided, and Dr. Guthrie, Col. Guthrie, Rev. Mr. Foote, Messrs. Nixon and Sutherland, Baillie Scott, and Dr. Hammond, were prominent guests. Many speeches, most complimentary and full of regret, were delivered, and we wish we had space for one-tenth the good things said in honor of the former pastor at Brechin, and now President of "Princetown University," as they call us on the Firth of Tay.

The chairman, Lord Dalhousie, on rising, alluded to the general sadness felt at the departure of Dr. McCosh, accompanied as it was with a feeling of shame toward Scotland for slighting his great abilities, "shame that his parting should have been occasioned by an ungrateful country undervaluing the man whom we are about to lose." He rejoiced, however, that, since he must go, "though nearly a half century of work has passed through his hands, * * * we send him forth with his eye undimmed, and his heart unbroken, to do in another sphere of the world all the good which he has been long performing in our own." Lord Dalhousie consoled himself with the reflection that, in these days of steam, Dr. McCosh might run over to Scotland in some vacation time and visit them again. We think, however, that the lectures and speeches we are bound to have, and the great sights to be seen, will keep Dr. M. for a period on this side the water.

Dr. Foote, whose colleague in the ministry Dr. McCosh had been, spoke of their firm friendship, and said: "It was a very high honor indeed that Dr. McCosh had attained in being chosen as President of the Princetown University—a University second to none in the United States, second to none even in Scotland."

Mr. D. D. Black, though a member of the English Church, took the greatest pleasure in testifying to the eminent worth and ability of Dr. M.

Rev. Mr. Aird also, though of a different denomination, honored him, and attributed much of his kindly disposition and great power to the influence of "a most amiable and accomplished wife," whom the Doctor had married in Brechin.

Colonel Guthrie spoke of his faithfulness to his pastoral charge, the East Church at Brechin—"The attention he paid to the wants, both spiritual and temporal, of the aged, the indigent, and the infirm—the time and labor he devoted to the instruction of the young of the congregation—his consolatory visits to the chamber of the sick and the afflicted—and, in a word, the manner in which he discharged his whole ministerial duties earned for him the character of

a faithful minister of the Gospel, and secured for him the affection and regard of all who were privileged to sit under his ministry."

Mr. Nixon set forth the great interest taken by the Doctor in those youth about entering college, and the impulse given to those under the Doctor's care to carry on their studies more minutely, which "would continue long after he had left his field of labor." He alluded to the important post to which Dr. McCosh had been called in America, "more important than any they could have offered him in the Scotch University," asserting that the highest honor had been conferred upon them, since "Dr. McCosh's name was to be added to the list of illustrious names connected with the President's chair at the University of Princeton."

Dr. Hannah, the only class-mate of Dr. McCosh present, spoke of his peculiar connection with the Doctor's first publication. He testified to the brightness of the first sixteen years of his career, and of the second, and hoped the rest of his life would be as illustrious.

Dr. McCosh, in thanking his friends for their kind demonstration of esteem, alluded to his connection with the three churches of Brechin, all her public institutions, her schools and charities. He had lived there thirteen years, and, when called elsewhere, had revisited the dear spot annually, and always received a cordial welcome. When, on the other hand, he returned a short time ago to the place of his birth, to the birth-place of Burns,

"The banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,"

the dogs barked at him, and the oldest inhabitant looked askant. In Brechin he wrote his first book, which now had gone through nine editions. He had never sought advancement on sectarian grounds, and he went away from Scotland, not grudgingly, but thanking God and man for all the kindness he had received. He spoke of America in terms even more gratifying than he had done in his farewell sermon to the people of Brechin, which we have all read or heard read. It was the highest honor to be called to that country, whose people and the Scotch are in fact the same, speaking "the same noble language and reading the same glorious literature." When living, two years ago, in the New England villages, he had often thought himself in Brechin. It is in this light that we will allow Lord Dalhousie to persuade himself that Dr. McCosh is often with them. Otherwise we must detain him here, "a genuine Scotchman, but with thorough American sympathies."

Dr. Thomas Guthrie, representing the relatives and near connections (being an uncle to Mrs. M.) of Dr. McCosh, made the closing speech. He said that, if Providence spared his life, and Dr. McCosh would not come back to Scotland, he would cross the ocean "on the hurricane deck of a large ship" to see him. America was a great country, even with his land, and far ahead of the other countries of Europe, in the race of nations, and yet but a child, not a century old. He was glad that McCosh was going to such a country and such a people. He had been associated with his friend for more than thirty years, and spoke knowingly of his qualities and acquirements. He, too, expressed his dissatisfaction at the treatment, on the part of Scotland, of Dr. McCosh. He, too, advocated a reform in Universities, as well as in Parliament and Church. Small cliques and coteries should be broken up. Alluding to the impending changes in ecclesiastical, as well as civil matters, and foreshadowing the passing away of

old things, he closed by assuring those present that McCosh would "not be wanting to fight the same battle in that New World for which he is now so soon to depart."

Peter Bayne, opposed to him in doctrine, says:

"For my part, while not professing to agree with Dr. McCosh in philosophy, I hold that, since the death of Sir William Hamilton, his name has been first among British philosophers, and I cordially congratulate the American people upon obtaining him."

The Alumni and friends of the college are in every respect satisfied with his appointment, and we cannot but echo the sentiment of Sheriff McArthur, of London, expressed at the first of the meetings above mentioned:

"I trust his removal to America will accomplish still higher purposes, and that as two nations we shall be united together for one common end and object—the spread of religion and civilization, intelligence and liberty throughout the world."

† DR. MACLEAN formally resigned from the Presidency last Commencement. He is now living in town, in a home tendered him by his numerous and kind friends. We called upon him some time ago, and found him enjoying uninterrupted good health, and living very pleasantly, surrounded by the members of his household, and in the midst of his books and papers. He still retains a deep interest in the welfare of the students, and of the college, hoping earnestly that the new President may be enabled to realize all the bright expectations centered in him. Dr. Maclean will devote some of his leisure time in collecting facts for a history of the college.

COMMENCEMENT ITEMS.—There were present at the last Commencement, six members of the class of 1818: Hon. C. L. Allen; Dr. C. C. Beatty; Stephen Collins, M. D.; J. S. Crane, M. D.; Rev. H. W. Hunt; Rev. Abraham Williamson.

Honorary degrees were conferred as follows:

LL. D.—Rev. Alexander T. McGill, Princeton, New Jersey. Ph. D.—Rev. Henry B. Chapin, New York; Rev. John F. Pingry, N. J.; Rev. James McDougal, N. Y.; Rev. Oliver R. Willis, N. Y.; George M. Maclean, M. D., N. J. A. M.—Stephen Wickes, M. D., N. J.; Lieut. Com. Edward Phelps Lull, U. S. Navy; John D. Bartine, N. J.

Sixty-seven members of the graduating class took their A. B., and the degree of A. M. was conferred upon twenty-seven persons in course.

The Junior Orator prizes were taken: the 1st, by James McLeod; 2nd, by J. T. Finley; 3d, by W. Scott Sities; 4th, by W. H. Park.

FINANCIAL.—To the keen observer of events, it must appear that there has been a considerable lightening of the duties of Prof. Cameron. It should also be known that the \$100,000 subscribed last Commencement, by Mr. John C. Green, cannot be used for three years yet, and several years must elapse before Dr. Woodhull's bequest can become available. So that, "while some friends of the College have endowed a number of scholarships of one thousand dollars each," and the new President has been amply provided for, and the ex-President will not know want, and the chair of Geology and Physical Geography rejoices in a fund of thousands, and a Sustentation Fund of \$50,000 exists; the resources of the college are still barely sufficient to support, with the closest economy, the several professors, and to keep up the Library, Apparatus and Cabinets. Putting these

facts together, the above keen observer has long since concluded that Prof. Cameron is now endeavoring to increase the endowments of our Alma Mater. We hope every student will lay before his friends the needs of the institution, and solicit their aid. In that way the college will become an instrument of greater good, and Prof. C. will the sooner be restored to us.

SOME NAME.—We have now, most probably, a name. The Seniors have resolved to call themselves members of "PRINCETON COLLEGE." The Juniors have done the same, as also the Sophomores and Freshmen. Nothing now remains but to obtain the sanction of the Faculty, Trustees, and Legislature of New Jersey. *Vidette*, please notice.

A COLLEGE COLOR.—The several classes have also adopted *Orange*, as the college color.

A CARD FROM THE OBSERVATORY.—In an architectural point of view, I am "fully completed," save that I am yet to receive my dome. This will be forwarded within a month. I will then take a rest till Mr. Alvan Clark, A. M., Cambridgeport, Mass., constructs my telescope, which is to be two years in building, the largest in the world, and to cost \$40,000. In the meantime I would respectfully request all editors of "Lits," and the public generally, to leave me alone. They can't move me by any of their exertions.

Truly. A. OBSERVATORY.

GYMNASIUM.—We know, now, that \$20,000 have *not* been promised to the college "for the erection of a gymnasium." It is, however, strongly feared that some friend may be induced to make this promise, and even "hand over" the money.

CHESS.—The London Chess Association has a chess tournament, November 23. Complimentary tickets have not been received at Princeton. Our plucky little club, however, thinks of entering upon the winter campaign as if nothing of the kind had happened. We applaud.

THE NASSAU MAENNERCHOR, started one year ago, under the care of Prof. Carl Langlotz, has proved a success. It begins the present year with 18 members and the following officers:

President—Eugene F. Wells, '69.

Secretary—Elmer S. Green, '70.

Treasurer—James M. Johnston, '70.

One of the members assures us that "it deserves the patronage of all the students who are sensible of the charms of music, and who know the advantage of vocal culture." Agreeably to an invitation from the ladies of Rocky Hill, this society, some time ago, gave a concert in that place, which was in every respect satisfactory. Another concert is meditated, this time away off in Princeton. A Freshman has intimated that these singers might possibly, some day, supplant even our *chape'-choir*.

This reminds us that the chapel organ has been repaired. Harvard has had a man at her chapel-organ, and they say *there*: "It is a pity his good offices do not extend to the choir."

THE DAMP WALLS of the rooms have been this season much complained of by the students. It is an excellent illustration of the porosity of solids, but we wish these demonstrations might be confined to Philosophic Hall.

IMPROVEMENTS.—Among the other college improvements, no one is oblivious to the changes in the President's house. It is stated that \$6,000 have been spent in making additions, building a veranda, remodelling and furnishing the interior, painting, and laying out the grounds. Everything is so nice now, that we would hardly object to calling upon the President frequently, even though charged with burning down the photographer's "sky-light," or destroying the chapel-pulpit.

PHOTOGRAPHER.—The Seniors have chosen Mr. Howell, of New York city, to be their class photographer. He has erected a sky-light, and gone bravely to work to make 54 as good looking pictures as possible, while imitating nature sufficiently to secure a tolerable resemblance between picture and pictured. The gentlemanly bearing of Mr. Howell, and his earnest endeavors to please, have made him deservedly popular; while his large business in the city, his position as photographer to New York College and several of the Ward Schools, are full guarantees of the quality of his work.

BASE BALL.—On the 22nd of June, 1865, a high-spirited band of ball players left the shades of Princeton to play a series of matches in the Eastern States.

"We counted them at break of day—
But when the sun set where were they?"

Or, better—

We counted them on Monday morning,
But what had become of them by Thursday night?

Their melancholy fate is soon told. They visited the colleges known as Harvard, Williams, and Yale. They played a match with each of these colleges. They did not beat each of these colleges. In proof of which we append the scores of the several games.

Score of the 1st game, played Tuesday, June 23, on Jarvis' field, Cambridge:

HARVARD.

	<i>O. R.</i>		<i>O. R.</i>
Shaw, 1st b.....	2	Rankin, c.....	5 0
Smith, 3d b.....	3	McKibben, p.....	4 1
Honaiwel, p.....	3	Fox, 1st b.....	3 3
Aimes, 2d b.....	4	G. Ward, 2d b.....	0 4
Bush, c.....	1	Eby, 3d b.....	3 2
Willard, s. s.....	2	Nissley, s. s.....	3 2
Sprague, c. f.....	4	Buck, l. f.....	4 1
Rawle, r. f.....	4	F. Ward, c. f.....	3 2
Bowditch, l. f.....	4	Mellier, r. f.....	2 1
—	—	—	—
Total.....	17	Total	16
INNINGS	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.		
HARVARD	2, 0, 0, 1, 1, 0, 0, 8, 2.—17		
NASSAU	1, 2, 4, 2, 0, 0, 4, 3, 0.—16		

Fly-catchers—Nassau, 12; Harvard, 10.

Left on bases—Nassau, 4; Harvard, 5.

Umpire—John A. Lowell, of the Lowell Club.

Scorers—Messrs. Ireland and Holbrook.

Distinguished things done: a difficult catch by Aimes on 2nd; a "red-hot" fly ball from the bat, taken by Eby on 3d.

Score of 2d game, played Wednesday, June 24, at Williamstown:

WILLIAMS.		NASSAU.			
	O. R.		O. R.		O. R.
Woodward, c.	4	2	Rankin, c.	2	4
Van Ingen, 2d b.	1	4	McKibben, P.	4	3
Pratt, a. s.	2	3	Fox, 1st b.	2	4
Smith, 3d b.	3	1	G. Ward, 2d b.	3	2
Knight, l. f.	2	2	Eby, 3d b.	2	3
Lansing, 1st b.	4	0	Nissley, s. s.	2	4
Fargo, r. f.	4	0	Buck, l. f.	4	1
Ketcham, c. f.	4	1	F. Ward, c. f.	2	2
Billings, p.	2	1	Mellier, r. f.	5	1
Totals.	27	14	Totals.	27	24

INNINGS	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.
NASSAU	6.	5.	2.	0.	1.	3.	5.	1.	1.—24
WILLIAMS	0.	0.	4.	0.	2.	0.	4.	0.	4.—14

Fly-catches—Nassau, 9; Williams, 9.

Left on bases—Nassau, 9; Williams, 6.

Umpire—E. C. Mitchell, of the Union Club of St. Louis.

Distinguished things done: game played in 100 minutes; a very pretty running, fly-catch by Buck, Knight's play in left, and Van Ingen's on 2nd.

Score of 3d game, played June 24, on Hamilton Park, New Haven:

YALE.		NASSAU.			
	O. R.		O. R.		O. R.
Buck, 1st b.	4	3	Rankin, c.	2	3
Burrell, r. f.	3	2	McKibben, P.	4	2
Condict, c.	4	3	Fox, 1st b.	3	4
Cleveland, 3d b.	4	2	G. Ward, 2d b.	4	1
Hooker, p.	2	4	Eby, 3d b.	5	1
McCutchen, s. s.	2	3	Nissley, s. s.	0	5
McKlinton, c. f.	3	4	Buck, l. f.	2	2
Deming, l. f.	3	5	F. Ward, c. f.	4	2
Seldon, 2d b.	2	4	Mellier, r. f.	3	3
Totals.	27	30	Totals.	27	23

INNINGS	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.
YALE	3.	2.	1.	12.	3.	5.	0.	1.	3.—30
NASSAU	4.	6.	1.	2.	1.	0.	0.	6.	3.—23

Fly-catches—Nassau, 16; Yale, 6.

Left on bases—Nassau, 7; Yale, 7.

Umpire—Mr. Hudson, of Hartford.

Scorers—Messrs. Falconer and Holbrook.

Distinguished things done: the heavy batting on both sides.

Such is the work accomplished by the Nassaus on their Eastern tour, not the most glorious, yet nothing to be ashamed of. The closeness of the Harvard game indicates a sharply contested affair, and victory is reported to have perched upon the bats of the Harvards "more by good luck than good play." At Williams, Princeton bore off the laurels, while at Yale, the men were so completely fagged out that we wonder they were not more disastrously beaten.

Altogether, our "University" had a very pleasant time, being cordially received at Harvard, and trebly so at Williams. Yale probably would have outdone in hospitality both her conpeers, had not her men thought more of an election

into the various grand secret societies of the college, than of their duty towards the lone Jerseymen.

Of college games there have been the usual number. The more important are as follows:—

Sept.	3d—'70 vs. '71—'70	victorious—score,	19—10.
"	15th—'69 vs. '72—'72	"	32—9.
"	17th—'69 vs. '72—'69	"	26—20.
"	18th—'71 vs. '72—'71	"	27—12.
"	19th—'69 vs. '70—'70	"	33—13.
"	21st—'69 vs. '71—'69	"	15—10.
"	23d—'71 vs. '70—'70	"	19—10.
"	28th—'69 vs. '71—'69	"	12—17.
"	30th—'69 vs. '70—'69	"	23—18.
Oct.	9th—'71 vs. '72—'71	"	24—9.
"	16th—'70 vs. '71—'71	"	18—11.
"	19th—'70 vs. '72—'70	"	40—20.
"	23d—'69 vs. '71—'69	"	18—14.

University vs. Picked Nine—Picked Nine victorious—score (11 innings), 28—8.

The *NASSAU ROCKET* was very much admired by the Williams men, and the *Williams Quarterly* recommends the adoption of a college cheer by the "sports" of that institution.

WHY THUS?—The new 2nd Presbyterian Church was built that Dr. McCosh might preach the dedicatory sermon. But why the new Episcopal Church; the remodelling and painting of the town houses; the building of fences; the grading and flagging of sidewalks?

CAUTION.—The falling leaves and the brisker breezes admonish us of approaching colds and influenzas, so destructive to J. O. contestants and Chapel staggers. The student should be careful to provide himself with Flannel on the Chest, and Hostetter on the Stomach.

The past few nights have been pitch dark, and all the air taribly odorous.

We would here return our thanks to certain of the Faculty for information kindly furnished.

DOINGS AT OTHER COLLEGES.

Decidedly the greatest event in the college world at this time is the opening of the **CORNELL UNIVERSITY**. This institution, located in Ithaca, N. Y., owes its origin to the munificent endowments of its founder, Ezra Cornell, and to the grant by the U. S. Government of a million acres of public land. The plan of the founder is, to furnish "a liberal and practical education;" to establish "an institution where any person can find instruction in any study." There will be no such thing as religious sectarianism. Professors will be selected with a strict regard only to their ability and fitness. There is also a system of manual labor, whereby, either in the college workshops or on the college farm, students may work and receive compensation for their services. By this means, it is calculated, a young man of average pluck may earn sufficient to defray all his expenses. There are two general courses of study: 1st, Special Sciences and Arts; 2nd, Science, Literature, and the Arts in general. The student may take an optional course, and all, having completed any of the four year courses, will be honored with the degree of A. B. During the first year, the students take up human

anatomy, physiology and hygiene. The Natural Sciences are considered as preparatory to the Languages and Literature, while Agriculture and the Mechanical Arts will receive special attention. It, in fact, resembles closely the University of Michigan.

Cornell starts boldly out on her mission of usefulness, fully equipped and armed. The princely endowments of her founder, estimated at more than \$1,000,000, together with her public land grant, produce an annual income of some \$75,000. Five great buildings are either completed now, or soon will be. The largest one finished has accommodations for 250 students, besides the President, and certain few Professors. The library is among the largest and most complete in the land, while the various departments are well supplied with apparatus. Her Professors number twenty-seven, among whom are Agassiz, Goldwin Smith, Lowell, and Geo. W. Curtis. Tuition is only \$30 per annum, while board will be furnished at cost price.

This University, with all these wonderful advantages, began its career October 7. Ezra Cornell, the founder, delivered the inaugural address, and gave up the keys to the President, Andrew G. White. Miss Jeanie McGraw, of Ithaca, has presented the Institution with a full chime of nine bells, and as they joyously

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,"

we can but offer our humble wish for the welfare and success of an enterprise so far in advance of most educational theories, and so portentous of good.

YALE.—The total funds of Yale now amount to the princely sum of \$1,112,763.45.

'68's *statistics*.—The class numbered 106 men. It rejoiced in a perpendicularity of 607 ft. 4.56 in., and its specific gravity=15,152.7 lbs. It was more than twice as old as Methuselah, or, 2,394 yrs., 6 mos., 17 days. Of its members, 3 wore red hair; 48 carried mustaches; 30 went smooth, 2 downy, while 7 contented themselves with attempts; 70 smoked; 70 played billiards; 96 "would take a hand at *whist*," and 32 were engaged in *Sunday Schools*.

The Yalensians are now howling *en masse* for a dormitory, which, probably, is a place to sleep in. From their long continued "buzzing," we would think them the last to receive a visit from "Murphy."

Mad. "Phi." writing to the *Round Table*, Aug. 8, rails grievously at the examination of applicants for admission into this college. He says: "Would it not be well, in future, if the examiners of Yale were to show less anxiety to display their own smartness, and more disposition to discover what the applicants really know?"—adding that nearly one third of the applicants this year were refused admission. Gently, "Phi." The world thinks no more of the Yalensians than the Yalensians think of the world. Out of the 26 students arrested at the Worcester Regatta for "a way we have at Old Nassau," only 4 bailed from New Haven, and but one of these was deemed worthy of further attention from the City Fathers.

The German University plan of instruction has been partially introduced into the Senior class. Thus the Professor for two weeks translates and explains some German author to the class. Then follows a week of examination. How nice the first two weeks must be!

HARVARD.—President Hill has resigned his position at the head of this insti-

tution. The class of '71 has organized a new literary society. The 1st prize for declamation was taken by Richard Green, a black; the 2nd, by Moore, a Jew.

WILLIAMS, in President Hopkins, has the oldest of American College Presidents. Her Freshman class numbers 45. She is now deliberating upon the advisability of uniting her three libraries, those of the two societies and that of the college proper, into one. The college library is open two days of the week for the distribution of books, while for 3½ hours on each of the other four days it is open to all who wish to read in the library. We have access to the 14,000 volumes of our library all the time, excepting so much as is included between 1 o'clock, P. M., of one Monday, and 12 M. of the next.

MADISON UNIVERSITY.—The Rev. Dr. Dodge succeeds Dr. Eaton to the presidency of this University. Its affairs are in a very prosperous condition, the endowment now amounting to \$180,000. Eighteen ladies have given a "President's house" to the institution. Did you ever! We permitted only the richest men to repair our President's home.

AMHERST.—Hazing flourished as usual, at the opening of the year. But the ring-leaders among the Sophs. were suspended for a twelvemonth, and many more will delight the firesides of their families for a term. Hazing, in fine, has grown unpopular. The Seniors passed resolutions condemning it, and even threaten to expose all future participants in such proceedings.

The Agricultural Department began its 2nd year with 40 students in each of the classes, Sophomore and Freshman. But the Freshmen are obliged to work only two days per week at the corn and potatoes, while the Sophomores "farm" three.

UNION COLLEGE has called Gen'l O. O. Howard from the Freedman's Bureau to the Presidential Chair.

HAMILTON has a "Wickedest Man." He "cuts chapel, gets warnings, fizzles daily, plays cards, and drinks poor whiskey." He also chews tobacco and sings "The Rocky Road to Dublin," on one of the tombstones in the college cemetery."

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN numbered, last year, 1223 students. Hazing is dying the death all timid Freshmen desire. Prof. Watson discovered the one hundredth asteroid on the night of July 11th. This makes the tenth asteroidal discovery by that young astronomer.

BROWN UNIVERSITY graduated Xenophon Demosthenes Tingly, and conferred upon Dr. McCosh the title of D. D., all on her 100th commencement.

TRINITY COLLEGE also enjoys a system of handing in written excuses for absences.

LINCOLN UNIVERSITY boasts 117 colored students, 48 of whom are preparing for the ministry.

RIPON COLLEGE (Wis.) has 128 ladies among her 524 students. Five males and 1 female graduated last year.

LIEUTENANT MAURY has been installed Professor of Physics in the Virginia Military Institute.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY (Eng.) is open to all students upon payment of £5 entrance fee, and £2, 10s. annually. At the last commencement, the name of King Theodorus, late of Abyssinia, was loudly cheered.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE admits women, and yet Groti, the historian of Greece, has consented to succeed Lord Brougham in the presidency.

THE GERMAN UNIVERSITY OF BONN delights our Minister, Baneroff, with a bun in the shape of an LL. D. Cambridge does the same for Longfellow.

THE PRINCE OF WALES, Oct. 8, laid the corner stone of a new University at Glasgow. Mrs. Wales was there with the little Waleces, and the sturdy Scotchmen wailed with joy. There will be more whaling there, in the Primary Departments, if the didactic dames think as they did when we were young.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY has elected the Rev. Dr. Henry Calderwood to the chair of Moral Philosophy in that venerable institution.

Many colleges are now offering their advantages to males and females indiscriminately. We hope every young lady, who *becomes* a Maid of Arts, will render all thanks to Old Nassau (we beg pardon—to Princeton College) for the inauguration of a movement so beneficial to them. It was our Nassau Quartette that, after the greatest labor and painstaking, first succeeded in introducing and establishing among us the now well known "Maid of Athens."

CRITICAL REVIEW.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

First and foremost we must thank all who have put themselves to the trouble of writing, and sending in, articles. Many of them we cannot publish, one chief reason being, the amazing antiquity of the themes discussed. Such subjects as "Friendship," "Sympathy," and the like, have been treated of time out of mind. To every writer such subjects will suggest themselves at the outset, as they very properly should, and to every one will occur almost the same thoughts thereon. The writer must relieve himself of these thoughts, after which he will be ready to enter the undiscovered ideal regions, and bring back mental pabulum—novel and interesting. We would therefore advise all beginners to commit these commonplace musings to paper, and lay them carefully away in some fond corner of their trunks. Then they may strike out boldly, and reasonably expect their exploits to find perpetuity in the pages of the "Lit." The writer need not ransack his brain for the deepest, most abstract, metaphysical and finely drawn arguments. We rather incline to a lighter, easier, spicier species of literature. College is sober enough, without weighing down the single vehicle of amusement, exclusively under our own control, with Aristotle, Alexander, and Butler. So much for the "fatherly."

"Tobacco as an Art," a horrible title conceived after DeQuincey's "Murder as one of the Fine Arts," is certainly ambitious. But

"Cromwell, we charge thee, fling away ambition.
By that sin fell the angels."

and your brightness may fade away in the fumes and smoke you so earnestly deprecate. The essay lacks point, interest, everything save extension.

A painting of "My Girl," from "Indigo," is probably none other than "The gal with the blue dress on," for sale at all book stores.

"C. W. K." sends us a "rhapsody" on "Twilight." Setting aside all question as to merit, we decline to publish it, as it is already in print, and we little desire to bring down upon our humble heads the terrible charge of "Plagiarism."

Some verses, "nameless here forevermore," have been received, beginning thus:

"We wandered through the flowery meads,
My hand on hers, so soft, so dear."

Being unable to decide whether the author intends the second word in the second line for "hand" or "head," we accordingly await further developments.

The "Grecian Bend" is a very bad disease, and the lyric propensity is worse.

The two combined.

Have a sad effect upon the youthful mind.—

—as witness:

I meet the maids upon the street,
Io! Io! Io! Io!
With faces pretty and dainty feet.
Io! Io! Io!
But Cupid does no arrow send,
Io! Io! Io! Io!
Because they're all on the "Grecian Bend,"
Io! Io! Io!

I loved a laughing maiden bright,
Io! Io! Io! Io!
I went to see her every night,
Io! Io! Io!
But now my visits have an end,
Io! Io! Io! Io!
Because she sports the "Grecian Bend,"
Io! Io! Io! Io!

Said I to her: My true love dear,
Io! Io! Io! Io!
I have a mind that's very clear,
Io! Io! Io!
That you from out my heart I'll send,
Io! Io! Io! Io!
Unless you take in that "Grecian Bend,"
Io! Io! Io!

Said she: My dear, then I must go,
Io! Io! Io! Io!
And to you I must say, Oh, no,
Io! Io! Io!
For 'twould indeed my bosom rend,
Io! Io! Io! Io!
To walk without the "Grecian Bend,"
Io! Io! Io!

And so my love is lost to me,
Io! Io! Io! Io!
And I alone must ever be,
Io! Io! Io!
Unless the girls will condescend,
Io! Io! Io! Io!
To leave to the Greeks the "Grecian Bend"
Io! Io! Io!

How students may acquire it without straps.

Pole your Homer o'er and o'er,
Io! Io! Io! Io!
Then straps you'll need to use no more,
Io! Io! Io!
For as to him your mind you lend,
Io! Io! Io! Io!
You're sure to get the "Grecian Bend,"
Io! Io! Io!

Two songs have been handed in for the prize, but we will have to refuse it to both, neither coming quite up to the standard of a College Song. Such a song, in the first place, should be set to a stirring air. Then the sentiments should be such, and so neatly expressed, as to arouse all the "College patriotism" of the most phlegmatic and lifeless poller, so that even he will join in and send the chorus thundering through the quiet air of too quiet Princeton. Try again.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Hamilton Literary Monthly for September devotes more than half its "Editor's Table" to an account of the commencement at Clinton, last July. From this we infer that the Hamiltons have Commencement but once in a year. Otherwise the Magazine is good.

The Yale Literary Magazine for October is sadly called to task by the *Courant*, which states that the leading article was 7 years in attaining sufficient development to appear in the pages of the *Lit.* This is even better (in respect to years) than a speech of Isocrates, which he perfected in about the same time, but was laid up by sickness during almost half this period. The piece in question extends over about 11 pages, thus allowing 1 year to the composition of 14-7 pages. Notwithstanding this remarkable antiquity,—the *Lit.* being in its 34th year, we think the editors still chargeable with putting comparatively new wine in "the oldest College periodical in America." Moral. Dress out the Magazine in a newer, less dingy cover, when, perhaps, newer, livelier pieces may muster courage to apply for admission.

The Michigan University Magazine has reached its thirteenth number, and yet finds that it, like some other magazines, cannot "vive et crescere," without "contributions," "subscriptions," and "the forbearance of its readers." The articles in this No. are varied and interesting, and the mechanical appearance faultless.

The Collegian abates not in interest. We second the wish for those Mormon spectacles, with each glass as "large as a common 8x10 window pane," for the Latin and Greek pollers.

The Vidette pronounces our Magazine "rather the neatest in appearance of any of our exchanges." Thank you. We are also obliged for announcing the discovery of *sugar in tears*, and for the advice to all arrived at the crying point, "to manufacture sugar out of grief, trouble and misfortune." Homesick Freshmen please take notice, though the trade of the 'pretty candy-girl' be ruined.

The Institute. We have received from the Far West, one copy of the 'Institute,' a semi-monthly paper published by the Jefferson Liberal Institute, Jefferson, Wis. Considering its remoteness from civilization, it presents an appearance not very savage, neither very different from other College papers. We hope it may be long spared to educate the dwellers in that beauteous clime.

The Amherst Student is dealing forth lusty blows against the cowardly practice of hazing, four columns at a time. Massachusetts, we hope, will some day be all right. The editors of the *Student* believe that their Juniors, this year, are "a sound, manly class," but, for themselves, can hardly "realize that we are 'Seniors' at last."

The Harvard Advocate makes fun of the *Round Table* for making fun of the Harvard Commencement. It also reprimands the Harvard Students for having a jolly, notorious time at the Worcester Regatta.

The Trinity Tablet has a very interesting, four column summary of the doings on Commencement week, except that names are rather frequently mentioned, the several days of the week, and the hours of the day; all of which detracts somewhat from the spiciness and life of an account of Commencement exercises.

We have received the *American Educational Monthly* for August, September and October.

The College Argus, Wesleyan University, Conn., comes to hand at the last moment. We, too, are "glad to exchange with all College periodicals, * * * and thus keep up a friendly interchange of news with each member of the circle of colleges."

PERSONS AND THINGS.

[NOTICE.—We would thankfully receive, from any source, any information concerning any one at any time connected with this College.]

We are called upon to chronicle the death of one of Princeton's most promising sons, WM. D. MERSHON, which occurred in Newark, on Monday, July 22d, 1868. Mr. Mershon was the first honor man of the class of '62, taking the highest grade all through his course, and graduating with the remarkable average of 99.9. He was a most faithful, untiring student, and a class-mate gentle, kind, ever ready to assist any of his fellows. The funeral took place in Cranbury, July 24th, at which our professor of Metaphysics, Dr. Atwater, preached the funeral sermon, eulogizing the merits of the departed, and paying full tribute to the memory of so rare a student and scholar. Resolutions of regret and sorrow were passed by the Cliosophic Society, of which he was a member.

DIED—August 17th, 1868, at Hancock's Bridge, Salem, Co., N. J., J. HILDEBRETH DICKESON, youngest son of Dr. T. P. Dickeson, aged 17 years, 8 months, and 14 days. **D. A. T.**

The above obituary is received from a graduate, who states that Dickeson was a very promising young fellow, who had been preparing several years for our college, and who had intended leaving home for Princeton on the very day of his funeral. His unexpected death was a sore affliction to his family and friends, as well as a great, though unappreciated, loss to the college.

MATTHEW VASSAR, the founder of Vassar Female College, died on the 3d of July last. Born in Norfolk, England, he early came to this country, and, engaging in the brewery business, acquired in time a vast fortune. Of this he gave \$608,000 and 100 acres of land for the founding of the above named Institute, which was accordingly opened in 1863. Ever since that year, he has been most concerned in its welfare, contributing freely his wealth, time and personal exertions. He died while delivering the address to the Trustees of the College, at

their annual meeting. Report says he was led to take so great concern in the cause of education at the dying request of a tenderly loved niece.

HON. D. L. SWAN, President of the University of North Carolina, died Aug. 28, having held that office for 32 years.

PROF. DUFFIELD, who resumed his duties last session too soon after his sickness, and thereby brought on another attack, is now slowly but steadily recovering. He expects to be at his old post by the beginning of next term.

GEN'L FRANK P. BLAIR, the Democratic candidate for Vice President, is a member of Princeton College, class of '41, and graduated at the age of 20. This makes almost the third Vice President Old Nassau has given to the country.

'65. English takes his first step toward the Presidential Chair, this fall, by applying for admission to the legal bar of New Jersey.

EX-TUTOR SLOSS was ordained pastor of the 3d Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 13.

HOW COLLEGE HABITS LINGER.—Petty, '65, Swartz and Rosenkrans, '67, are "stumping," the first for the Republican, the other two for the Democratic candidate for the White House.

'67.—Ewing, law-school, University of Albany. Eight of this class are in the Princeton Theological Seminary.

'68.—Fahnestock, Hageman, McCullagh, Peacock, Robbins, in the Seminary. Converse, reading law in Richmond, Va.

Edgar, gentleman farmer, thinks of *studying* law.

Graham, a rumored Professor of Mathematics!

Harris, harassing Blackstone, Johnsonburgh.

Wm. F. Howell, courting law, Sag Harbor, L. I.

Mays and Piper, Alleghany Theological Seminary.

Pendleton, reading law in Martinsburg, W. Va.

Rommel, farming last summer in South Jersey.

Stuart, banker, New York city.

Thompson, law school, University of Albany.

E. M. TURNER, candidate for County Recorder in Clarksburg, W. Va., and stumping the district.

Wills, studying law in the office of Hon. C. E. Hendrickson, Mount Holly.

'69.—Dobbins, "teaching the youth" in a Rahway school-house.

McLeod, Western Theological Seminary, Chicago.

Frank E. Taylor, Secretary to Messrs. Thompson, Iron Mills, Milesburg, Pa.

Torbert, Junior Class, Trinity College, Hartford.

'70.—"Davie" Crockett, bearing law in Troy, Obion Co., Tenn.

Keasbey, Sheffield Scientific School, New Haven.

Rawlins, Omaha.

'71.—Harper, connected with a jewelry establishment, Philadelphia.

HON. JOEL PARKER, Ex-Professor of Law at Harvard, now fills the latter position at Dartmouth.

MAX MULLER recommends the study of the Chinese Grammar. Is he, too, disgusted with the dead languages?

VASSAR, BEWARE! The young ladies of Peterboro, N. Y., have organized a B. B. Club of 50 members. Their dress consists of "short blue and white tunics, trimmed, white stockings, and stout gaiter shoes." We wonder what they call it when they make no runs in an inning, and whether they say naughty words, as we do when we go out on "three strikes."

JAPAN has 15 youngsters, "sons of princes and other men of high position," educating in Massachusetts. But Hisamato Shioso and Shimada Quanitich, officers in the Japanese army, have been ordered home in consequence of the war there.

LATEST.

Since going to press, all anxiety and solicitation concerning the fate of him who was coming to rule over us has ceased. On the 6th of October the steamer Tripoli left the harbor of Liverpool for New York, with Dr. McCosh, his wife, two daughters and two sons, on board. The Atlantic was in one of his ugly moods, rolling up his great billows continually, and on Saturday, Oct. 17, losing his self-control so far as to rage in the veriest gale. The ladies kept their berths nearly the whole time, and even the Doctor himself, hero though he was of the Irish Sea, and formerly of this same Atlantic, wondered no more at the commotion without than at the peculiar phenomena within. But, notwithstanding all this, the Tripoli kept on her way, and, at 5 A. M. of Tuesday, Oct. 20th, fourteen days from England, telegraphed to New York her arrival at Sandy Hook. Messrs. Alexander and Stuart immediately put out in a tug for the too slow Tripoli, bore off in triumph the Doctor and his family, and returned to the city. Mrs. McCosh and the children took the train immediately for Princeton, which they reached about 3 P. M. As the hand of the clock crept round to four, there arose from the college a shout, the Nassau shout, which always draws a crowd. Then there was a rushing to the depot, and a marshalling of students. Soon the shrill whistle, and after, the "down, brakes!" announced that he had come, announced THE ARRIVAL OF MCCOSH. Of course there was cheering again, the old cheer of the Nassaus, and the procession moved toward the President's house,

MARSHALS.	Seniors.	MARSHALS.
'69—Chapman.	Professors.	Fox, '69.—
'70—Whitehill.	Tutors.	Nissley, '70.—
'71—Carter.	Dr. McCosh—Dr. Hodge.	Weir, '71.—
'72—Shotwell.	Professors from the Seminary.	Tyree, '72.—
	Under-classes.	

Arrived at the house, the students formed in semi-circle about the front, when Dr. Atwater, Acting President, introduced to them

Their Real President, JAMES MCCOSH.

He, stepping forth, was received with loudest hurrahing. He thanked them sincerely for their cordial, enthusiastic reception. He had lately said many a farewell, but now was the pain of parting soothed almost away by the joy of meeting. He would make no long speech now, promising, on the coming Tuesday, the infliction of an hour and a "bitock." He would say, however, he had had much and pleasant connection with students of the Old World, and he hoped each day would develop stronger attachment and closer sympathy between him, and the students of the New. Calling for three cheers for Princeton College three cheers for Princeton Professors, he retired.

It was the Doctor's wish that quiet be maintained, and himself allowed to rest till inauguration day, and his wish was heard. There will be no demonstration till Tuesday. But then—oh! then!

The procession forms at the chapel at a quarter past twelve, and proceeds to the Church in the following order:

Grafulla's Band.

Grand Marshal.

Orator of the Under-Graduates.

Under-Graduates in the order of Classes.

His Excellency the Governor, and the Chancellor of the State.

Ex-President and President Elect.

Officiating Clergy and Orators.

The Board of Trustees.

The Faculty of the College.

The Directors, Trustees, and Faculty of the Theological Seminary.

Presidents and Professors of other Colleges and Seminaries.

Judges of the U. S. and State Courts.

Members of the U. S. Senate and House of Representatives.

Distinguished Strangers.

Alumni and Laureati of the College.

Graduates and Students of other Colleges and Seminaries.

Citizens.

The exercises at the church will be:

Invocation.....Dr. J. F. Stearns.

Address of Welcome on behalf of the Trustees.....Dr. Charles Hodge.

Address of Welcome on behalf of the Under-Graduates.....J. Thos. Finley.

Congratulatory Address to the Alumni and Friends of the College,

Hon. Wm. C. Alexander.

Address in Response.....Hon. James Pollock.

The Oaths of Office administered to the President elect by

Chancellor A. O. Zabriskie.

Delivery of the Charter and Keys to the President by.....Dr. Maclean.

Inaugural Address—*Academic Teaching in Europe*...James McCosh, D.D., LL. D.

Concluding Prayer.....Dr. George W. Musgrave.

Benediction.....Bishop McIlvaine.

In the evening Dr. McCosh holds a reception at his house, to which he cordially invites all the students, that acquaintance may be made, and a friendly understanding established at once. We have already guessed at the illumination and promenade. Such are the preparations. Everything is made ready, and all are on the tip-toe of expectancy.

"Now sits expectation in the air."

Graduates, friends, fathers, mothers, sisters and 'cousins,' brothers, are flocking in from every quarter. They

"Come as the winds come, when forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when navies are stranded;
Faster come, faster come, faster and faster."

Yes, they will sweep away quiet Princeton, Jersey's Rip Van Winkle, and

establish in its place a town ringing with loud huzzahs and songs of rejoicing. It is the Panathenaea of Nassauians,

"When glee's are sung, and catches troll'd,
And bashfulness grows bright and bold,
And beauty is no longer cold,
And age no longer dull."

Ill would it become us, in prospect of the orators of Tuesday, to set down a formal welcome. Our humble part is with the great body of the students, and there we hope to be.

More than forty years ago La Fayette paid his second visit to America. The whole country rose to bid him welcome; town vied with town in the splendor of his reception. He came to Princeton, and then for the first time was the College campus illuminated. Young men and maidens danced by the soft light, and old men tarried a long time from their night's sleep. He had left his native land, his friends, his wealth and high position, and come to America to battle against her foes, in the dark days of the Revolution. As we stroll about, on the evening of the 27th, under the broad glare of calcium lights, and the mellow rays from gay transparencies, we will think of him, and we will also think of that one who now leaves the scenes of his early trials and struggles, the place of his later triumphs, the continent where kings would bow to do him homage; and comes to America—to America, where man is but a man—to educate the youth, to lead against the bands of sophistry and scepticism, that, under the guise of truth, would corrupt the human mind. The sons of America glow as they learn the reception of La Fayette, and the future sons of old Nassau will be thrilled as they read the

WELCOME TO McCOSH.